The Outlook

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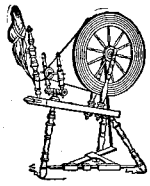

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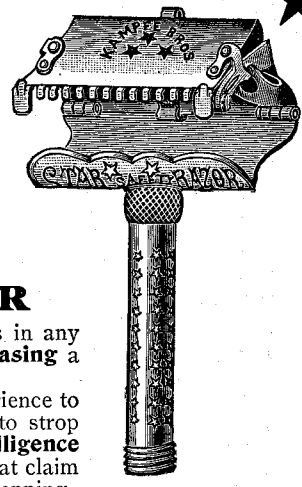

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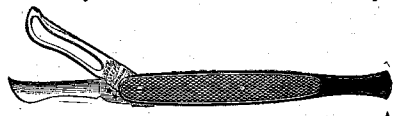

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The Election in Ohio

National interest in the Ohio election was centered in Cleveland, where Mayor Tom L. Johnson, the Democratic candidate, was elected Mayor of the city for the fourth time, defeating the Hon. Theodore E. Burton, his Republican opponent. Our readers are familiar with the fact that Mr. Burton is a member of Congress from Ohio and has proved himself to be a gifted, public-spirited, and statesmanlike member of the National Legislature. In his contest with Mayor Johnson he had the prestige of the approval of President Roosevelt, Secretary Taft, and other National leaders. He had also the support of the most influential business interests of the city. The election by a substantial majority of Mayor Johnson and the other candidates upon his ticket is an indication of how deep a hold the question of government control of public utilities has taken upon the people at large. The present administration of the city of Cleveland under Mayor Johnson's leadership has professed to conduct the business of the city for the benefit of all the inhabitants and not in the interest of special privilege, of special classes, or of special political individuals. These professions have been made with regard to all departments of the city. Thus, for example, Mr. Baker, the City Solicitor; Mr. Cooley, of the Service Board, and Manuel Levine, of the Police Court, have achieved a National reputation for the modern, effective, and human spirit which has characterized their work. Mayor Johnson himself is professedly a reformed monopolist. He has won a fortune in the street railway business in other cities, and frankly admits that he is intimately familiar with all the forms of legal evasion, stock manipulation, and inflation and deflation of securities that have so marred the history of street railways in this country. With equal frankness he professes conversion as a result of his association with that high-minded economic evangelist, Henry George, who, whatever may be thought of his theories on taxation, was unselfishly devoted to the philosophy of popular rights. Mayor Johnson has not only made professions, but up to the present time he has put those professions into practice. His opponent, Mr. Burton, with creditable candor, declared that Cleveland is free to-day from political corruption, but urged Mr. Johnson's defeat on the ground, as we understand it, that his conversion could not be trusted to be a permanent one, and that when he had established his machine on satisfactory foundations he would use it no longer for the city, but for his own personal and political benefit. Evidently the majority of Cleveland's citizens do not share this mistrust. The people know too well what has been the almost universal history of street railway development in this country; the stockholders and the street passengers of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and other great centers have been too recently victims of misplaced confidence in very able but very unscrupulous street railway managers not to be in sympathy with a well-directed movement to give the control of the streets to the people through their properly elected representatives. The street railway interests of Ohio have obtained their control of the municipalities through what The Outlook believes to have been improper influence of legislative action. With vigor and persistence and an element of real genius, Mayor Johnson has devised a corporate scheme by which the street railway system of Cleveland, while conforming to all the laws of private ownership imposed by the Legislature, may yet be managed by a genuine public

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service board. The people of Cleveland have determined to give Mayor Johnson a chance to prove conclusively that his conversion was a sound one and that his professions are genuine. Morally speaking, we think this is always the way to treat a converted sinner, and we shall be very much disappointed if Mayor Johnson fails to sustain and justify the confidence and hopes that have been reposed in him. In Cincinnati the Republican machine was overwhelmingly victorious, and, to use the language of a campaign document on which the portraits of the Hon. George B. Cox, President Roosevelt, and Abraham Lincoln appear side by side (the Cox portrait two sizes larger than those of Roosevelt and Lincoln), the "Peerless Leader," George B. Cox, than whom Philadelphia never gave birth to a worse type of boss, carried everything before him. The spectacle of Johnson being opposed as a danger to the purity of the American ballot and Cox being hailed as a "peerless leader" of American liberty is one of the curious inconsistencies of American politics.

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New Jersey and New York

The principal issue in the New Jersey election this year was the excise question. The present law provides for a very strict Sunday observance. It was passed, as some hold, in response to the sane moral and religious element of the State, and, as interpreted by others, to a fanatical impulse "to force the people into a Puritanical strait-jacket." The Democratic State platform did not mention the subject. The Republican platform declared that "the Republican party has accomplished the needed reform in excise legislation, and pledges itself to the maintenance of it." The result of the election apparently shows popular approval of the present law. The Republican candidate for Governor, John Franklin Fort, is a man of high professional attainments, and resigned from the New Jersey Supreme Court to enter the campaign, which was, on his part, directed against the brewers and those who favor "an open Sunday." Of course Judge Fort suffered defeat in "the brewers' counties," and also in Monmouth, where the Long Branch gamblers still smart from the scourging he gave them when on the bench. With both candidates men of unimpeachable character, the campaign was conducted on a high plane. For the moment the State's attitude toward corporations became a secondary issue. The so-called New Idea Republicans, Senator Everett Colby at their head, cordially supported Judge Fort. New Jersey is the home of corporations, and a chief defect in the State law is that it does not restrict capitalization or fix values of corporate property. The State needs a bureau or commission charged with the responsibility of issuing certificates of incorporation, with power as to capitalization, and with some supervisory control. The newly elected Governor is entirely in sympathy with this reform. The fact that he received a far smaller number of votes than was cast in 1904 for the Republican candidates for Governor and President has been interpreted by some as a rebuke to the Administration's attitude towards corporations. This interpretation lacks a logical basis, as may be seen from the fact that nine years ago, in the middle of President McKinley's administration, there was a parallel case. As to the legislative elections, we note that the Republicans have regained control of the lower house by a two-thirds majority, retaining control of the upper house by an almost similar majority. Hence it is hoped that the Civil Service Reform and Public Utilities Commission bills, impeded by the Democratic House of Assembly at the last session, may now become law. The great disappointment of the election was Mayor Fagan's defeat in Jersey City. He has been one of the best Mayors in America. In the State of New York the Republicans maintained a majority in the Assembly. The two Judges for the highest State court, nominated jointly by the Republicans and Democrats, were elected by an overwhelming vote over their nearest opponents on the ticket of the Independence League (the Hearst organization). Otherwise the elections turned mainly on local issues. In New York City the Hearst-Parsons fusion, as the joint ticket of the Independence League

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and the Republican party was termed, met the fate which usually befalls alliances between incompatible political organizations.

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Other Election Results

Cordial congratulations will be extended by all friends of good government to San Francisco. The election of Dr. Taylor as Mayor (an office which he has already held for some months by the appointment, nominally of the Supervisors, but really of the reform forces working under Mr. Heney) is most encouraging as a sign of San Francisco's determination to wipe out graft and punish grafters. Three tickets were in the field, Republican, Union Labor, and that of the fusion between Democrats and Independents. The smallness of Dr. Taylor's majority as the fusion candidate is accounted for by the fact that the Republicans insisted on putting a straight ticket in the field, however much it might jeopardize the reform movement; while the much larger majority by which District Attorney Langdon was elected shows a welcome defection of labor voters from the despicable Union Labor ticket, the cause of which was engineered from jail by the convict ex-Mayor. Mr. Langdon, who was originally elected as a labor candidate, and has made it possible for Heney and Burns and Spreckels to push the graft prosecution, seems to have carried with him in the election last week some 15,000 or more votes usually cast for official labor nominees. Maryland and Rhode Island went Democratic, as they did the year before the last Presidential election; the first is normally Democratic in off years; the result in Rhode Island is largely due to Governor Higgins's personal ability and leadership; in Massachusetts the Republican victory was made even more sweeping than was expected because of dissensions between the two wings of the Democratic party and dissatisfaction with their candidate. In Pennsylvania the majority of Mr. Sheatz as State Treasurer was gratifyingly large; the Philadelphia North American comments: "A decent man heading the Republican ticket can count upon the independent vote, which will be denied to a gangster or a gang tool." The Republican victory in Kentucky might be surprising to those who do not know the currents of the fierce local political passions which have grown out of the Goebel murder trials. Nebraska made a good showing in its Republican majority.

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Diplomatic Promotions

Three important changes in the American diplomatic service were announced last week. Dr. David Jayne Hill, of New York, at present Minister to the Netherlands, is to succeed Mr. Charlemagne Tower, of Pennsylvania, as Ambassador to Germany when Mr. Tower retires early next year; Mr. Arthur M. Beaupré, of Illinois, now Minister to the Argentine Republic, will become Minister to the Netherlands; and Mr. Spencer F. Eddy, of Illinois, Secretary of Embassy at Berlin, Minister to the Argentine Republic. By these changes Mr. Root, Secretary of State, emphasizes his policy of recognizing merit among the actual members of the diplomatic service in making selections for vacant posts, rather than to bring in entirely new men. The above appointments are all promotions. Dr. Hill was Minister to Switzerland before being appointed Minister to Holland; Mr. Beaupré served as Secretary of Legation successively at the capitals of Guatemala and Colombia, and was Minister to Colombia before going to Argentina. Mr. Eddy received his first diplomatic experience as private secretary to the late John Hay, when Mr. Hay was Ambassador at London. Subsequently Mr. Eddy became a clerk in the State Department, Third Secretary of the London Embassy, Second Secretary of the Paris Embassy, First Secretary of the Legation at Constantinople, and First Secretary of the Embassy at St. Petersburg. Interest in the above appointment centers in that of Dr. Hill. His promotion is well deserved. Dr. Hill is well known as an educator, writer, and diplomat. Valedictorian of his class at Bucknell University, he was immediately appointed an instructor there, was promoted to the chair of rhetoric three years later, and only five years after graduation was

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elected President of the institution. Nine years later he became President of the University of Rochester. After a successful administration there he became Assistant Secretary of State, remaining in that post during most of Secretary Hay's administration. Dr. Hill is the author of numerous pamphlets and books on international law, chief among which is his "History of Diplomacy in the International Development of Europe." Aside from the official importance of these promotions and transfers, they are of National significance as indications of the slow but sure establishment of our diplomatic service upon a merit basis.

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The End of Two Strikes

The great English railway strike, which had not gone into actual effect, although it had been voted by more than seventy-five thousand out of eighty-six thousand members, and the great American telegraph operators' strike both came to an end last week, but in very different ways. The telegraphers' strike ended in a forced surrender on the part of the operators, who are now applying for their old positions and are being received back in many cases as individuals, although the companies will not re-employ them as a body or in any way recognize the union. The failure of this strike is undoubtedly due to the fact that the supply of operators has become greater than the demand; indeed, so enormous has been the number of persons, and especially of women, who have prepared themselves to do telegraph work that although the occupation is naturally one to be classed as a skilled trade, it is said by students of the situation to be a fact that very many women operators have been less well paid than saleswomen in department stores, while sixty-five dollars per month is said to be the average pay of really skilled operators. Because of this excessive supply of operators seeking work, the companies have been able to continue their service despite the strike, although in point of fact the service rendered during the strike has been far from satisfactory and the public has been very patient in putting up with many annoyances. The real matter at issue was whether the telegraph companies should treat with their operators through the unions of the latter or should declare an "open shop"—by which they meant not only that non-union as well as union men and women should be employed, but also that all their employees should be dealt with as individuals and not through organizations. The striking employees, on the other hand, were really fighting for the recognition of the union, although they also made claims that there were injustice and inequalities in the carrying out of the companies' new and increased scale of wages. As in the case of the subway strike in New York City some years ago, the proportion of non-union to union workers was too great, and the number of competent operators seeking work was too large, to permit the strikers to win the day.

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The British Railway Strike

On the other hand, under the skilled leadership of Richard Bell, a Labor Member of Parliament, the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants has secured a settlement of the dispute which seems fair and satisfactory. The agreement, signed by representatives of the strikers and of eleven leading railway companies, was drafted by Mr. Lloyd-George, who is President of the British Board of Trade. It involves concessions on both sides, and press despatches regard it as establishing Mr. Lloyd-George's reputation for tact and diplomacy. It provides for a Board of Conciliation made up in equal numbers of directors of the companies and representatives of the employees, while, if this Board cannot come to a satisfactory agreement, there is to be an appeal to arbitration. This labor dispute, which threatened for a time to be the cause of a widespread interruption of railway business and of grave annoyance to the traveling public, resembles the American telegraph strike in that it has been largely a contest over the recognition or non-recognition of the union by the employers, and in that in both cases also the non-union employees were so numerous as to give the companies a reasonable chance of success in refusing to deal with the labor organ-

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ization. As we understand it, the more skilled railway employees were not members of Mr. Bell's association, just as in this country the railway engineers and firemen have unions of their own, and are not always in sympathy with the lower-paid classes of employees. That the strikers had some ground of complaint is indicated by Mr. Bell's statement that, despite the increased cost of living, there are over one hundred thousand men employed on the railways of the United Kingdom who receive less than five dollars a week. The charge made by some of the railway managers that the agitation grew out of Socialistic political conditions seems to have little behind it. It is rather interesting in this connection to notice that, on the one side, Lord Claud Hamilton, the spokesman of the railway companies, denounced Socialism as "irreligious and immoral in its teachings," while Mr. Lloyd-George, the radical statesman, on the same night declared that Socialism was "a bogie of to-day, introduced to frighten the unwary." That the principles of conciliation and arbitration have prevailed, so that, in this instance at least, the idea of industrial democracy has triumphed over that of industrial warfare, is a matter of world-wide congratulation. It is becoming more and more obvious that if industrial corporations are to adopt the principle of combination, as seems inevitable, labor must be equally allowed that privilege, in order that it may deal on terms of equality with capital—and equality is possible only when collective bargaining is allowed—and that, on the other hand, if the labor organizations are recognized as a proper factor in industrial adjustment, they must be held responsible for the acts and promises of their officers, and must be forced, if necessary, to carry out the contracts they make. In Great Britain the Taff Vale legislation, which has already been reported in The Outlook, has been deemed mischievous because it has exempted the funds of the union from claims of indemnity for damage done to the employers. It has been said that the leaders of the railway strike which has just been adjusted have depended upon this exemption in pressing their claims, but the settlement indicates on their part a laudable willingness to abide by the decision of a neutral and impartial tribunal.

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Politics in England

The political situation in England is very complicated, and dogmatic statements as to its probable issue are to be distrusted. For months past the tide has been setting very strongly in the direction of Socialism. With fifty-two or fifty-three Labor men in the House of Commons, conservative Englishmen are beginning to feel as if the most radical things were possible. A note of alarm against the spread of Socialism has been sounded again and again, both by Conservative and Liberal leaders; and there are those who believe that there is to be a new alignment of parties; that the Liberal party will disappear, and that England will be divided between Conservatives on one side and Radicals on the other. The word Socialism in England means a great variety of things; it may involve a group of very moderate convictions in regard to conditions for the betterment of the working classes; or it may involve, as in the case of a Socialist who was elected to Parliament last summer, a radical reconstruction of English society along purely Socialistic lines, the abolition of private property, and the disappearance of the "ties of sex"—in other words, the destruction of the family. If surface indications were to be taken at their apparent value, it would look as if England were going to make a trial of a radical type of Socialism; but those who are most familiar with English political life, and above all with the nature and education of the Englishman, are persuaded that no such tremendous revolution lies ahead of England; not, at least, in the near future. What is likely to come will be a continuation of recent legislation looking for the betterment of social and economic conditions. In the municipal elections recently held in England and Wales the Socialists are reported to have carried only four out of one hundred and forty-five municipalities, while the Unionists or Conservatives, who are at the other end of

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the line, carried one hundred and twenty-five. This looks not only like a severe defeat of the Socialists, but also a severe defeat of the Liberals. It is quite certain, however, that in these contests many Liberals voted with the Conservatives as the most effective way of meeting the Socialistic propaganda. In the campaign in which they have apparently suffered a disastrous defeat the Socialists put the emphasis of their demand on the creation of public works departments in all municipalities, so that the contractors, or bosses, might be eliminated; the organization of unemployed labor; the fixing of the hours of labor of all men employed by municipalities, and of a minimum wage; the maintenance of all school-children, involving a provision for books, clothes, food, and lodging; and the erection of model dwellings for working people, to be let at rents to "cover cost of construction and maintenance alone." Taxation is already so heavy in England that a good many men are reluctantly coming to the conclusion that the burden can be maintained only by some form of taxation on imports; and their conviction is that the burden of further financial responsibility for the betterment of working conditions laid upon the Government will involve some form of protection. The situation is deeply interesting. Many public men are seriously alarmed by the rapid spread in the towns of the Socialistic propaganda. Meantime the agricultural laborers and the people in the small villages remain very slightly affected by it.

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Restricted Suffrage in Russia

The electoral system under which the first Russian Dumas were chosen was based on a close approach to universal suffrage, so far as primary elections were concerned. The result was a radical majority. It would not co-operate with the Emperor in his conservatism. As the ruler seems still practically all-powerful, the problem has been how to secure a Duma willing to co-operate with him yet voicing the popular will as far as possible. Premier Stolypin declared that the difficulty with the first Dumas was ignorance, due to the large peasant representation. In his opinion, the peasants must spend a period in the exercise of two new privileges before they could be qualified to exercise the parliamentary franchise. He influenced the Emperor to grant these privileges, namely, the right to freedom of travel and residence, and the right to hold land in severalty. He also influenced the Emperor to restrict the electoral privilege, practically disfranchising peasants and artisans by a distribution of primary voters into classes according to the amount of taxes paid. For instance, one class, including many thousands of primary voters, would be authorized to choose no more secondary voters than would be allotted to another class comprising a dozen wealthy men. Under these circumstances the elections have been remarkably quiet. From all accounts they have not been so much disturbed by the Revolutionists as by the Reactionaries. It is true that the first threatened to boycott the elections themselves, to compel the abstention of other voters, and to destroy by violence the records of the voting; but the actual violence which has occurred may be put rather to the charge of unprincipled reactionaries. There was less general interest in the elections than hitherto. This is due, we think, to two reasons. First, the National Assembly is no longer a novelty; second, the change from practically universal to a restricted suffrage has dampened the ardor of very many voters. The disfranchisement has been followed by almost exactly the result expected. The Duma has become a landowners' Duma. Russian landowners are generally either Conservatives or Octobrists—the name Octobrist being derived from the Emperor's ukase of October, 1905, establishing a national representative body. Octobrists are sometimes called Moderates, but, according to Western notions, they are not so much Moderates as Conservatives. Americans would be inclined to apply the name Moderates rather to the Kadets, or Constitutional Democrats. But the Russian Radical wing includes these, as it does the Extreme Radicals in the Party of Toil and the Social Democratic party. As avowed Social Revolu-

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tionists are not to form part of the new Duma, as announced, the parties in it would seem to be six in number, Reactionaries, Conservatives, Octobrists, Constitutional Democrats, the Party of Toil, and the Social Democrats. If the new Duma, in spite of the suffrage restrictions which have disappointed many liberty-loving Russians, can work with the Government in bringing about some definite social reforms, it may be ultimately regarded as a body of progress instead of reaction.

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Universal Suffrage in Austria-Hungary

The text of the new Ausgleich, or agreement, between Austria and Hungary has now arrived in this country, and discloses certain features not mentioned in the telegraphic summary. The Ausgleich continues the common customs arrangement until 1917, and provides that commercial treaties concluded with foreign powers must be signed by the representatives of both Austria and Hungary—a concession by Austria to Hungary—hitherto the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs has conducted such negotiations. On its part, Hungary makes the minor concession of conforming its stock exchange laws to those of Austria. Up to the present, excise duties have been common to both states; henceforth they are to be left to each state to be determined and levied. In the joint fiscal burden, Hungary's contribution, as already noted, is to be increased from 34.4 per cent to 36.4 per cent, a proportion conforming more nearly to each state's financial standing. While a homogeneous currency is provided for all Austria-Hungary, there are still some reforms needed in the financial system of the joint countries. Finally, provision is made for a court of arbitration, composed of four Austrian and four Hungarian members, who must choose a ninth member as chairman. This provision shows that the Empire's internal differences are in a more wholesome condition. It also shows that Austrians and Hungarians realize that in internal government as well as in external standing they are stronger in solidarity than in division. The conclusion of the Ausgleich should do a good deal to check tendencies towards disintegration between the two parts of the Empire. It remains to be seen, however, whether a still greater effect will come from the practically universal suffrage recently established in Austria and promised in Hungary, or whether the Radical element in both countries may become more discontented than at present, and seek a supposed relief in separation. Yet the problems of both are largely the same. Austria and Hungary are strongly agrarian and protectionist states, but the wider suffrage in both will give greater voice to the conviction of the two peoples of the necessity to strike off certain shackles on trade, to readjust the burdens of taxation, and to thwart the encroachments of the Church. These things have already been emphasized in the newly elected lower house of the Austrian Reichsrath, or Parliament, the first to be chosen by universal suffrage. The burdensome and cumbersome Austrian electoral system is a thing of the past—the division of the deputies into sections, one of which was chosen by the landed proprietors, one by the Chambers of Commerce, one by the cities, one by the rural communities, and one by such citizens as paid the registration fee and satisfied other requirements. Universal suffrage has also obliterated the old party lines, and a new alignment is the result. A like result will doubtless obtain in Hungary, where hitherto the Magyars have been in control of Parliament. Universal suffrage will shake that control if all the Croats, Serbs, Italians, Rumanians, and other non-Magyar races unite in opposition. Certainly the wider field of action afforded by the suffrage gives an opportunity for emphasized racial antagonisms. Despite this, it will be surprising if the races composing the Dual Empire do not realize that they are stronger united than divided.

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A Denial

In the issue for September 28, The Outlook, on information contained in European despatches, commented upon the act of Leopold II., King of the Belgians, in turning over to a joint stock company that vast portion of the

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Congo which is known as the Domain of the Crown. We have now received from Mr. James Gustavus Whiteley, Consul-General of the Independent State of the Congo, a letter stating that "there is no truth whatever in the report, as the inventors of it must have known." He continues: "A small private company was recently formed for the purpose of trading near Lake Leopold II., but this company has received no concession in the Crown lands, and no concession will be granted it during the pending negotiations for the annexation of the Congo. In any case, no concession is ever granted unless due compensation is given in return to the State or to the Crown Lands Fund." Accompanying Mr. Whiteley's letter is an extract from the Journal de Bruxelles, which quotes a reply of the Belgian Cabinet to the Parliamentary Committee on Congo Affairs. This reply denies that the concessions have been made, and it furthermore announces that the decree of July 20, authorizing the formation of the company, "does not affect Belgium's recognized right of annexation nor her eventual rights of sovereignty." We are glad to print this denial. We are not informed, however, as to what the rights of this company are, nor are we informed as to whether the rights granted are such as to continue in case sovereignty over the Crown lands should at some day be transferred. There is a difference of opinion on this subject. Incidentally it is to be noted that whether the Crown Lands Fund receives compensation or not is of no interest to the world at large. The question whether concessions have been granted or not to this company affects mainly Belgium; but the question in which the world is interested is whether the Congo, including the Domain of the Crown, which was formed into a State by the Powers of Europe for humanitarian purposes and put into the care of the King of the Belgians as trustee, will continue to suffer from an irresponsible government such oppression as has been reported officially by commissioners chosen by the King of the Belgians himself. The continuance of this oppression cannot be tolerated longer.

Italians in the South

A new phase, not of the color-race question, but this time of nationality and prejudice, has been supplied by Mississippi. The anti-Italian sentiment in that State is so strong that one of the candidates for Governor made it one of the chief planks of his platform. Following this example, the people of Sumrall, a lumber town of Mississippi, objected to the presence of Italian children from the Italian colony at that place in the public schools of the town. The State Superintendent of Education and the Attorney-General were appealed to, and decided adversely to the objectors. Yet discrimination was made against Italian children, and Frank Scaglioni, a crippled shoemaker and leader of the Italian colony, promptly protested. Scaglioni was thereupon beaten severely by citizens of Sumrall, and complained to the Italian Consul at New Orleans, who tells the story thus: "The victim of the mob said he was called to his door by a man who stated he had a message for him sent from New Orleans. He had just stepped outside of his door, when he was seized and heavy ropes thrown around his neck. He was threatened with death, so he declares, and was dragged for almost a mile into the woods, where he was badly beaten with the end of a thick log-rope and other weapons in the hands of his captors." Following this treatment of Scaglioni, many of the Italians at Sumrall left that town and went to Hattlesburg, while, naturally, the Italian Consul reported the matter to the Italian Ambassador at Washington. So far the Italian Government has taken no official notice of the affair. Unfortunately, there is only too much reason to believe that in Mississippi, and in other Southern States in which there has recently been an influx of Italian immigrants, there is a strong disposition to discriminate against them. The newcomers are chiefly from southern Italy and Sicily, and belong principally to the peasant class—the very class, by the way, the South needs to till its soil and develop its vast agricultural and mineral resources. Were it a mere matter of labor, there would be no difficulty between at least the landowning

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Southerner and the Italian. The latter has what the former wants, and the price paid the Italian laborer, though perhaps not so much as he might make in sections where he would not be subjected to competition with negro labor, is probably satisfactory, especially in comparison with what the immigrant peasant had been accustomed to receive for his toil in his own land. The trouble comes when the social and educational aspects and competition with unskilled white labor are to be considered. The industrious and hardy peasant in his own land, especially in the part from which most of the immigrants come, makes only from seventeen to twenty-five cents per day at hard labor in the fields or in the sulphur mines, and frequently he has to walk three or four miles morning and evening even to make that, as Italian villages are usually situated upon hills, and at a distance from the plains or mines in which there is a demand for labor. At such a wage he and his family are naturally not able to enjoy privileges and means of culture and social intercourse. That he is anxious to improve his condition is shown by the fact that whole towns and villages in southern Italy have been nearly depopulated in recent years by the rush of immigrants to America, which is to them, as to most Europeans, the land of promise. Amalfi, for instance, a few years ago a city of ten thousand inhabitants, to-day has only about three thousand; and smaller places have suffered a similar loss of inhabitants. That this influx of Italian labor has not been satisfactory to that class of natives which has been brought into competition with it is readily understood; but this fact is extremely unfortunate for the South at the present juncture in its affairs, as well as from an international and humanitarian point of view.

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The South Wants Italians

It should be remembered that these immigrants are in the South chiefly owing to inducements the Southern States have held out to them. Only so recently as October 7 Attorney-General Bonaparte rendered an opinion on the case of Geronimo Garcia, who arrived at New Orleans from Cuba August 7 last. Investigation having developed the fact that his passage money had been paid for him by an agent of the Louisiana State Board of Agriculture and Immigration, and assurance held out to him that employment as a farm laborer would be given him, the Attorney-General held that States are the same as individuals under the law, and must not solicit immigrants, pay their passage, or offer other inducements to them. For this reason Garcia, upon this test case, was excluded. What the South needs most to-day is labor; and the Italian immigrant, of all others, is perhaps best fitted to the conditions of soil and climate of that region to furnish that labor. Moreover, the Italian immigrant is industrious, acquisitive, ready to learn, and quick to adopt higher standards of living and culture as soon as he is financially able to avail himself of them. And of all agencies for effecting an assimilation of alien peoples the common schools of the United States and the American newspaper are undoubtedly the greatest. By excluding the children of these immigrants from the limited social equality and privileges of the schools Mississippians will not only retard the desired assimilation of a class of laborers they and the South in general need so badly, but they will also by that act contribute another cause for National embarrassment and international ill feeling. In short, the South must give to its immigrants the same opportunities and social treatment accorded to them in the North and West if it is to advance in prosperity and be worthy of the democratic traditions of the great Republic. It is only just to add that in no Northern newspaper or magazine has there been a severer condemnation of the conduct of the mob at Sumrall than is to be found in Louisiana papers. The Times-Democrat, of New Orleans, for instance, refers to it as "an ugly manifestation of race prejudice," and adds: "The outrage perpetrated at Sumrall, on the Mississippi Central Railroad, where a crippled Italian was severely beaten by a mob and subjected, it is alleged, to other barbarities of an unprintable nature, is attributed

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to ill feeling over the school question. But underlying the entire trouble is the evident desire of the labor malcontents among the unskilled whites to drive both the Italian and the negro laborers from the sawmill field." This is frank, and states the situation clearly, with the exception of the reference to "race prejudice." Can it be possible that Mississippians hold that Italians, like the negro, are of a different race from our own, or do they place different nationality on the same plane with different race?

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The Portland Test

At the Young Men's Christian Association Conference, which assembles next week in Washington, D. C., the most important subject to be discussed will probably be one that is not on the official programme. That subject is the revision of what is called the "evangelical basis." For over half a century active membership, comprising the right to vote and hold office, has been confined in almost every Christian Association to members of "evangelical" churches. In 1868 the Convention of North America declared it to be the duty of the Associations to "maintain the control and management of all their affairs in the hands of those who profess to love and publicly avow their faith in Jesus, the Redeemer, as divine, and who testify their faith by becoming and remaining members of churches held to be evangelical." In order to make the meaning of this declaration unmistakable, the Convention which met at Portland, Maine, in 1869, adopted the following declaration, which is popularly known among the Associations as "the Portland test:"

> And we hold those churches to be evangelical which, maintaining the Holy Scriptures to be the only infallible rule of faith and practice, do believe in the Lord Jesus Christ (the only begotten of the Father, King of kings, and Lord of lords, in whom dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily, and who was made sin for us, though knowing no sin, bearing our sins in His own body on the tree) as the only name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved from everlasting punishment.

(To this were added in 1893 the words, "and unto life eternal.") Only those Associations which accept this test have been, since 1869, entitled to representation in the Conferences of the Young Men's Christian Associations of North America. By the use of this test, it is declared, the Association has achieved two great ends: it has, throughout a period of rapid growth, preserved its character as an organization animated by a specific religious motive; and, by making its existence dependent upon those churches which can co-operate in religious activities, it has grown into an efficient instrument of those churches instead of becoming a sort of independent male denomination. Those who oppose any change in this basis point to this period of development as proof that the basis is sound; and they declare that where loyalty to this basis has been most pronounced, there the Association has thrived as a force for the transformation of character. Those who advocate a change, on the other hand, assert that a theological test is not only antagonistic to the spirit of practical Christianity which the Association fosters, but is proving an impediment to the Association in thoughtful communities, especially among students, and in Associations among wage-earners. The discussion, it is evident, is not a theological controversy. Both those who seek a change and those who oppose it are concerned with the practical question of making the Association most efficient. To us two points are clear: First, that no gain would be adequate compensation for the sacrifice either of its fundamental religious motive or of its function as an instrument rather than a competitor of the churches; but, second, that an elimination of theological phraseology (even though it is borrowed from Scripture) will vastly extend the influence of the Association as a force for infusing all life with a religious spirit. The Young Men's Christian Association will mark a stage in its progress when it ceases to apply a dogmatic measure by which to sort out the denominations. We know of no other organization which by its constant growth has given surer evidence of vitality. This is not the time for it to hesitate to follow its most striking tradition—the tradition of development.

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The Financial Situation

Another week has gone by with gradually returning signs of stability in the financial and industrial affairs of the country. That there have been so few mercantile failures and so little inconvenience or distress as a result of the acute stringency of currency is the best possible demonstration that in the main the business affairs of the country are in a sound condition. Never before in the history of the United States have all classes of men so thoroughly learned the lesson that permanent business success is based on mutual confidence, service, and co-operation. No section of the country is independent of other sections, and no group or clique of banks or bankers can be so rich or accumulate such enormous profits as to escape bearing their share of financial disorders which affect the entire country. Perhaps no body of men have been worked nearer to the point of absolute physical and mental exhaustion than the great bankers of New York City during the recent financial disturbance, and the work they have done has been, not merely to save their own balances and securities, but to save those of every small holder throughout the country.

Some of the best judges of financial and industrial conditions—men like Mr. Carnegie and Mr. James J. Hill—assert that general trade conditions are good. At the present moment practically the only serious embarrassment to industrial activity is the scarcity of circulating money or currency. But this is a very serious embarrassment, and some means must be found for immediately relieving it. The first and most ready means can be and ought to be provided, not by the banks and not by the Government, but by the average citizen. Conservative estimates place the amount of cash which has been withdrawn from banks and business and hidden for safety in private receptacles at many tens of millions of dollars. The result is that business concerns which have ample balances actually cannot get the cash with which to pay their employees, and recourse is taken to bank checks and other forms of I. O. U.'s. Our readers know that The Outlook believes that a certain type of unprincipled financiers, who have betrayed the trust reposed in them, are primarily responsible for the lack of confidence; but the American people have proved over and over again that at a moral crisis they are capable of rising in active and effective indignation and destroying evils which they have too patiently permitted to grow to intolerable dimensions. So at the present crisis the honorable bankers of the country, who are in an enormous majority, have taken quick and united action to relieve the banking situation from the personal evils which have led to general distrust. The bankers of the country may be trusted. In our judgment, it would be not only the wise policy but is the absolute duty of holders of cash or currency to redeposit it in the banks, of business men to pay their bills promptly, and of every one of us to do all in his power to put into circulation the visible tokens of restored trust in one another's business honor. When the business men and householders throughout the country have performed this duty, the next step will be the serious consideration by Congress of the various plans suggested for so-called currency reform.

Since the days of Secretary Windom The Outlook has constantly urged its readers that they use their influence upon Congress to give the country a flexible currency system; that is to say, a currency system which will expand with the expanding exchange of commodities and contract at those seasons of the year when the business of the country naturally contracts. Most thoughtful and scientific economists and bankers of the country have long urged the same reform, and it is probable that at the coming session of Congress public opinion will make itself felt in some form of legislation on this subject.

Three important proposals have been made of methods for providing elastic currency. There is, first, the plan suggested by the New York Chamber of Commerce, which would permit banks to issue additional notes based on approved

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commercial paper; second, the plan of the American Bankers' Association, which would permit banks to issue additional notes under certain conditions based on the bonds which they have already deposited with the Government for their present circulation; and, third, the plan proposed by Mr. Treat, the Treasurer of the United States, which would permit banks to issue additional notes based on approved investment securities, such securities, for example, as savings banks are now permitted to purchase. It should be borne in mind that each of these plans, in order to furnish a genuine elastic currency of universal circulation, must absolutely insure in its provisions two things—a guarantee by the United States Government, which all National bank notes now practically possess, and a method of easy, automatic, and quick redemption which shall bring the notes back for cancellation to the banks of issue when they are no longer needed in the natural transactions of commerce.

Besides this currency legislation, the time is ripe for the establishment of postal savings banks, an improvement in our financial system which The Outlook has also urged for twenty years. What some people call the "hoarding" of money, but what we prefer to call the personal saving of money in the simply and easily accessible cash vault which every householder possesses in the form of a stocking or bureau drawer, will be to a very large degree put an end to in a time of distrust of the banks if every villager can go to a post-office and there place his money in the hands of the Government at a moderate rate of interest. It is known that thousands of people throughout the country have created their own postal savings banks during the last month by purchasing money-orders at the post-office payable to themselves. To do this they paid a premium—that is to say, the cost of the money-order. If this recourse to the safe-keeping of the United States Government were made simple and profitable to small depositors, and the cash received were placed in local and approved National banks, bills and coin would certainly be kept in much more general circulation.

We do not endeavor here to discuss the technicalities of these various plans, nor to pass upon their comparative merits, but we do urge upon our readers that it is the duty of every citizen in a time like this to do all in his power, both by action and intelligent thinking, to relieve his neighbor as well as himself from the disadvantages and hardships of a currency system which is both unscientific and impotent to perform the functions of circulating money at the very time when those functions are most necessary to the welfare of the country.

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Abating a Nuisance

Some weeks ago the remarkable advance in the English view of the bill-board nuisance was mentioned in these pages. In America the growing campaign against objectionable outdoor and bill-board advertising has just been substantially encouraged by a decision rendered by Judge Welch, of the Superior Court of Santa Clara County, California, as reported to the American Civic Association. Heretofore most attempts at the restraint, regulation, or abolition of bill-boards have been legally combated with success either upon the ground that such action was not properly within the police power of a community, or upon the contention that enforced reduction or removal of signs was taking private property without due compensation. Both contentions rested upon the fact that no offense to the eye had yet been declared a nuisance under the common law, which long ago provided adequate remedy against offenses to the senses of smell and hearing by such declaration. Now comes the hoped-for advance of just such a decision, in an issue taken by the town marshal of East San José, a residence suburb of the city of San José, against Varney & Green, the leading Californian bill-posters. The municipality having enacted an ordinance forbidding "the erection or maintenance of any bill-board, sign-board, or other structure, for the purpose of painting or otherwise delineating or picturing or displaying thereon or thereby any advertisement of any goods, wares, or

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merchandise whatsoever," the marshal duly notified the concern mentioned to remove the bill-boards. Refusing to submit, Varney & Green began a suit in equity to obtain a perpetual injunction to restrain the town marshal from enforcing the ordinance. A temporary writ was issued, and the case argued on its merits, the side of East San José being ably represented by Jackson Hatch. The question concerned the power of the municipality to prohibit bill-boards on the ground that they were offensive to the sight and to good taste. In orally rendering his decision, Judge Welch covered the whole related ground broadly, and found without qualification in favor of the municipality. Quoting Freund on Police Power, he said: "It is conceded that the police power is adequate to restrain offensive noises and odors. The same protection to the eye, it is conceived, would not establish a new principle, but carry a recognized principle to further application." With this as authority Judge Welch declared that a "glaring bill-board, set opposite a man's house in a vacant lot bordering upon a public highway in a country town devoted to homes, is just as offensive to the immediate residents as would be the maintenance of a pig-sty giving forth offensive odors, or the maintenance of a stone-breaking machine." Stating the fact that "a business, otherwise lawful, may become a nuisance by extraneous circumstances, such as being located in an inappropriate place," he adds: "It would be a singular result of our laws if relief could not be had against the maintenance, for purely advertising purposes, of an uncouth bill-board erected opposite my house, having painted upon it grotesque advertisements, and constantly, hourly and daily, a detriment to my property, and a serious injury to the feelings of myself and family . . . or if an ordinance having for its object the suppression of this nuisance could not be declared valid."

Two other notable advances in the crusade against bill-board ugliness are also reported. One refers to the agreement of some three hundred advertisers on bill-boards in Cincinnati not to renew their contracts, under pressure from the Municipal Arts Committee of the Business Men's Club of that city. The other has to do with the attempt of the assessors of a township near New Brunswick, New Jersey, to put a proper valuation for tax purposes upon some of the glaring signs within their territorial bounds. The firm taxed appealed to the State Board of Equalization of Taxes, which body decided that the assessors were right, and that the sign-boards are personal property and thus as fully subject to taxation as other property. The attorney for the sign-erecting company gave notice that he would appeal to the Supreme Court, and urged that the tax should lie against the real property upon which the signs stand—in any case a view which only strengthens the position of the authorities who believe in equal taxation. If, as seems only fair, these revenue-producing structures can be taxed upon a valuation which has relation to their productive capacity, as is the practice with other structures, there will be no hesitancy in collecting such a tax in many communities. The consequent increase in cost to the bill-posters may act as a wholesome deterrent.

The Outlook has already reported the action of the American Civic Association looking to the control of the smoke nuisance in the cities. All these various activities register a slow and wholesome growth of a recognition of public rights in the matter of landscape and sky which have hitherto been disregarded. The country is learning not only that the public has rights which must be respected, but that care for the landscape and protection of the skies have definite values which are of great importance to communities. Beauty is to-day in many parts of the world an asset of the very highest value. Switzerland has grown rich, not on its soil, but on its landscapes; and a town can make no more permanent investment than to secure beauty of arrangement and environment, ample grounds for pleasure and recreation; to make a village or a city not simply an aggregation of houses, but a home for the development of the most vigorous children and the education of the most intelligent citizens. The day cannot be far distant when travelers will not be accompanied to Philadelphia by con-

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tinuous announcements of whisky, breakfast foods, automobiles, hams, teas, and kindred merchandise, all eminently useful, many of them of the best quality, but entirely inappropriate as parts of a landscape. Every man has a right to close his office door against the importunities of salesmen who come out of due time; and the public has a right to choose its own time for examining the claims of the different articles which minister to its comfort. It is little short of an outrage that these claims should be urged upon it at all times without its consent.

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The Atlantic's Half-Century

The semi-centennial issue of the Atlantic Monthly is an event in our literary history; for the Atlantic has been, from its first number, singularly fortunate in identifying itself with the best writing in the country. It came into existence, not, like the great English quarterlies, as the organ of a group of men more or less concerned with politics, or of a body of rising political opinions, but as the medium of expression of a very genuine literary impulse making itself felt through the genius of a company of men of many and original gifts, and in response to a deep and growing interest in matters of thought and art. Coming into being not as a commercial but as a literary venture, shaped not for a market but for an epoch of intellectual liberation, the Atlantic has always held a vital relation to the higher life of the country and to its literature. The area of literary production has broadened until it embraces the whole continent, and other magazines of kindred aims and spirit have entered the field and borne their part in the education of taste and the stimulation of artistic activity; but after a half-century of friendly competition the Atlantic securely holds its place as an authoritative exponent of all that is best in American life.

Mr. Norton, in a very interesting account of the launching of the magazine, contributes a significant fact to its early history. He was in England when Lowell wrote that a new magazine was to be started, "to be free without being fanatical . . . to have opinions of its own and not be afraid to speak them . . . to be scholarly and gentlemanlike," and he was asked to bring home desirable manuscripts from English hands. He returned with several such manuscripts in his keeping, and was dismayed when the trunk which contained them disappeared from the dock in New York and was never seen again. All the conditions combined to make the Atlantic a distinctively American magazine from the start. The first number was edited by Lowell, and contained articles by Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Prescott, Motley, and Mrs. Stowe; the semi-centennial number is edited by an accomplished writer, with gifts of humor and of expression quite his own, who holds a chair in Harvard as did Lowell, and contains articles by Mr. Norton, Colonel Higginson, Mr. Howells, Dr. Wilson, Dr. Pritchett, Mr. Trowbridge, and Mr. Page—a remarkable continuity of spirit and aim, and of distinctively American effort and accomplishment.

In 1857 national America was only an idea, but it was an idea which was fast defining itself in the consciousness of one great section of the country. Webster had given it an interpretation so impressive and so majestic that it furnished leadership for a bewildered and confused section and put solid ground under its feet. Lowell and Emerson were rooted deep in New England, but both were emancipated from a narrow sectionalism. Lowell's interests kept him in close touch with the culture of the Old World, and he never fully understood the significance and spirit of the South and West, but he had a deep and abiding faith in democracy as the only adequate recognition in political form of the spiritual dignity of humanity; Emerson rose easily above what was narrow and divisive in New England, and, deep-going individualist though he was, recognized the fine fraternalism of the West and struck the great note of nationality again and again in the dramatic years of dying sectionalism. The Atlantic was the

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depository of the best of old New England, for in its pages appeared much of the best work of Dr. Holmes, who gave the new venture its name, and who, to the end of his long and happy life, was not even a New Englander, but an inspired Bostonian in the days when Boston, like Charleston, was "its own excuse for being." But the Atlantic, as Mr. Howells, who came at the right moment from Ohio—prolific mother of statesmen and a mediatizing element between the timid, conventional East and the bold, audacious West—tells us, always held a door ajar and gave a cordial welcome to the men and women of talent who had the courage to be born away from Boston. Miss Murfree arrived in due season, and the mountains of Tennessee became visible from the Atlantic seaboard; Dr. Mitchell revived the colonial tradition of Philadelphia as a place of light and leading; Bret Harte came in from the Pacific coast full of strange oaths and accompanied by men and women of uncommon picturesqueness whose earlier history and occupations were dexterously draped with a broad mantle of charity; Charles Warren Stoddard, who ought to have written more, brought the balmy airs and delicious lassitude of the South Pacific; Mark Twain, educated by the enormous salaries of Mississippi pilots, extracted from the Atlantic the unprecedented price of twenty dollars a page and started that upward movement of prices which in our day has reached Alpine altitudes; John Hay, who was to lift American diplomacy to a great height of disinterested statesmanship, contributed the fascinating chapters of "Castilian Days;" Maurice Thompson, the advance guard of the innumerable hosts of Indiana poets, gave his fresh touch to the pages of the Atlantic; "H. H.," brilliant in temperament, sensitive to the color and movement of life, rich in sympathy, and touched in personality with a certain glow of contagious and generous enthusiasm, and Miss Woolson, sensitive, refined, full of old-time charm though of an original and vigorous talent, made the Far West and the Great Lakes familiar to the readers of the Atlantic. The magazine was American to the heart in thought and interest; it was also American in its conception of the unity of the country and the breadth of its expression of American genius.

The changes of fifty years have been so many and radical that to enumerate them would exclude any attempt to interpret them; but through them all the Atlantic has been "devoted to Literature, Art, and Politics." That this devotion has been matter of conviction and not of tradition is shown by its acceptance of Science as one of the central group of human activities and interests of the first order; and, with Colonel Higginson, who traces, in the current issue, the story of Literature, and Dr. Woodrow Wilson, who reports the significant movements of Politics, Dr. Pritchett appears as the exponent and recorder of the notable contribution of Science to American culture.

These kindred devotions to the highest interests of humanity in this country have given proof of their reality in the respect which the Atlantic has always paid to good English. In an age of widespread indifference to the quality and form of writing, its pages have shown a sense of editorial responsibility for the sound use of the mother tongue which entitles it to the gratitude of Americans who love literature and know its value in a period of half-educated taste and destructive haste. In point of general excellence of style, it is not too much to say that one must go to France to find a greater regard for those laws of expression which are not the rules of pedagogues and grammarians, but the formulation of the practice of the masters of writing. If one is in search of English writing at once free, lucid, full of individuality, and yet touched with the grace and charm of the oldest and finest traditions, he need go no further than Mr. Howells's chapter of "Recollections of an Atlantic Editorship" in the semi-centennial number. It is as delightful a chapter of American literary history as has ever appeared, and it gives the Atlantic's readers the joy of contact with real literature.

It is part of the Atlantic's Americanism that it also gives them hope The great stars which shone on its birth have sunk below the horizon,

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and no other constellation of kindred brilliancy has appeared. But the solar system is still in motion; there are new planets in the sky, and if they do not group themselves in the old order and shine with the old splendor, their light is not dimmed, nor have the abysses whence the great stars came lost the ancient potentialities of creative energy. Even Mr. Norton, the intimate companion of the men of genius of the old time, and not always sympathetic with the new men and the new age, believes that "great harpers shall fill again the seats once occupied by Orpheus and Orion, and the later days of the Atlantic Monthly, in that perhaps still distant time, may be no less worthy of fame than when Emerson and Longfellow and Lowell and Whittier were its regular contributors." In that hope all readers of the Atlantic and all lovers of literature will share, with confidence that so vast a movement of life as that which evokes the gigantic energies of the America of the twentieth century will not be without its adequate expression in those arts whose function it is to keep the soul of humanity alive amid its tremendous tasks.

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A Much Abused Letter

Last week we reported the Pope's Encyclical against Modernism. We here report Father Tyrrell's "Much Abused Letter," which is supposed to have been an occasion for that Encyclical. An English scientist in the Roman Catholic Church, supposed to be Professor Mivart, had found serious difficulties in reconciling his scientific convictions with the theology of the Roman Catholic Church. Referred to Father Tyrrell for counsel, he wrote to him of his perplexities. Father Tyrrell's letter written in reply is a defense of the Roman Catholic Church, and urges Professor Mivart to remain in its fellowship. Extracts from this letter, some of them mistranslated, having been given to the public, Father Tyrrell has now published the letter entire.[1] For writing it and adhering to it he has been expelled from the Jesuit Order, of which he was a member, and, it is now reported, has been excommunicated by the Church. It is certain that his defense of the Church is squarely and vigorously repudiated in the Encyclical by the Head of the Church.

In this letter to Professor Mivart Father Tyrrell declares that he is neither surprised nor shocked by the candid confession of his correspondent. The difficulty in reconciling scientific convictions with the theology of the Church is real; the doubts which this difficulty evokes cannot be laid by an appeal to authority. To avoid them one must be content not only not to think but "also not to see or hear or read or converse or live." Scripture-criticism, especially as applied to the Gospels, the close historical study of Christian origins and development, the clearer and better understanding of natural law limiting the sphere of the miraculous, have necessitated a change in what are regarded as fundamental dogmas and institutions. But religion is not a collection of dogmas and institutions. Faith and dogma are not synonymous; the Church and the hierarchy are not synonymous. Psychology has demonstrated that behind the self-conscious person is a subconscious personality. Our active life is limited by and is the expression of this "buried soul." So the visible institutions of religion, whether dogma or organization, are limited by and are the expression of the whole body of the faithful. There is a difference between "the collective subconsciousness of the 'people of God' and the consciously formulated mind and will of the governing section of the Church." One may dissent from the formulated ideas and intentions of the governing hierarchy and still maintain his faith in the silent inarticulate or imperfectly expressed life of the subconscious Church. There is a difference between faith and dogma. Faith is a living experience; "a *seeing* of God, not face to face but through a glass, darkly; still, it is a seeing for oneself; not a believing on hearsay." Dogma is the result of an attempt to state this faith in intellectual terms; an endeavor to translate revelation from the imaginative language of prophecy into the conceptual language

[1] A Much Abused Letter. By George Tyrrell. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

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of contemporary thought. To substitute dogma for faith is to substitute mental assent to a system of conceptions of the understanding for a life of communion with God as revealed in men and with men as revealing God. One may be at odds with the hierarchy and yet at one with the living Church of which the hierarchy is only a temporary and present and perhaps a passing expression; he may be at odds with the theologians and their dogmas and yet be living the life of faith. And he will best live this life of faith by living in the Church, "the Communion of Saints," not separated from it, an isolated and solitary spiritual life.

The difference between the conceptions of religion embodied in the Pope's Encyclical and in the "Much Abused Letter" are radical, and no compromise between them is possible. The one regards religion as a law external to man and imposed upon him, the other as a life given to man and springing up within him; the one regards faith as the acceptance of a dogma defined by authority, the other as a living experience, a vision of God and a fellowship with him; the one regards theology as essential to religion if not identical with it, the other as an intellectual expression of religion always imperfect and always subject to change; the one regards the visible church as a divine organization out of which a truly religious life is well-nigh impossible, the other as an outward, visible, and imperfect expression of the fellowship which binds together all those who are actuated in their lives by a love for God and for their fellow-men; the one combats errors by ecclesiastical censures, reinforced when practicable by civil penalties, the other corrects errors solely by an appeal to the reason and the conscience.

The conflict between these two conceptions of religion is going on in the Protestant as well as in the Roman Catholic communion. The spirit of the Pope's Encyclical animates the recent editorial in the Advance which expresses indignation that Professor Vernon, of Yale Theological Seminary, should be permitted to speak on the platform of the Congregational Council, as the Pope expresses indignation that any one tainted with Modernism should be permitted to speak at a Catholic Church Congress. The Advance as little as the Pope attempts to meet with reason the teaching which it would suppress, not answer. The spirit of Father Tyrrell's "Much Abused Letter" is seen in the Liberal Congress in Boston, where men of a great variety of theological opinion and ecclesiastical fellowship meet, not to criticise each other, not to debate with one another, still less to convert each the other, but, by a free, frank, fraternal interchange of opinions, to broaden their theological outlook and deepen their spiritual faith. We regret that the Pope should put the weight of his influence against a more rational and more spiritual faith in the Roman Catholic Church, but since the difference between these two conceptions of religion exists, we are glad to see it so explicitly recognized and so clearly defined as it is in these two memorable documents emanating from the same communion—the Encyclical of Pius X. and the letter of Father Tyrrell.

❀

The Spectator

Casting around for some amusement for a leisure evening or so last winter, the Spectator became interested in bookbinding. Not as a collector. While the Spectator has no inclination as yet to "take up with avarice" as a recreation, neither does he care for the pleasures of extravagance. And the sums that have to be spent by the collector of fine bindings would amount to extravagance for the Spectator. His interest, on the other hand, was aroused, partly through laudable motives of economy, in the practical work of binding. He had a number of books that sadly needed recovering, and he thought that it would be very nice if he knew how to do his own repairing. He looked from time to time at the beautiful hand-bound books in the stores on Fifth Avenue, and mused, as he turned away from temptation, "How fine it would be to be able to make some of those myself, and save the hundred or two hundred dollars that they ask for

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one of those sumptuous levant hand-tooled bindings!" He had a vague thought of getting a small outfit, after he should have learned the art, and setting up a little shop of his own in some unoccupied corner of his house. How delightful it would be, after a hard day's work at his business of seeing things, to turn his attention of an evening to doing things, especially if they made more beautiful his well-loved literary treasures! So he sought and found a teacher of bookbinding.

❀

His teacher was wise in the ways of the world as well as in the art of bookbinding. He knew how to lead the pupil gently on. Some teachers of bookbinding require a pupil to pay a goodly sum in advance, and to agree to take a long course of instruction. His teacher's plan, however, permitted the Spectator to begin at any time and stop when he pleased. "You can come into my shop two or three evenings a week, and I'll take you as far as you choose to go, and you can stop whenever you like." The Spectator did not realize at the time, though his instructor probably did, that when a man gets interested in a new pursuit he can *not* stop when he likes! And a book-lover, of all men, when once he has begun to learn the mysteries of the art that enshrines his beloved volumes, must go on to the end.

❀

And bookbinding certainly is a subtle and mysterious art—at any rate, to the beginner it seems so. The Spectator began his work by folding up printed sheets until they somewhat resembled an unbound book. He learned what the little figure at the bottom of the first page of each sheet—the signature—means, and he learned, in creasing the sheets, how most effectually to use his "folder"—the little bone or ivory implement that is used by the bookbinder in a dozen different operations. Then he learned how to sew the sheets together. He took his seat at a bookbinder's bench, and was taught how to thread the needle, how to make a bookbinder's knot, how to pass the thread around the twine or "bands" that hold the sheets to the cover, and how—that was the point that almost staggered his resolution to learn the new art—to make the "kettle stitch." This is a knot that is tied, by means of the needle, at the ends of the sheets, to make the stitches secure. If the Spectator had been born a few years later, and so had had the benefit of manual training in the schools, he would doubtless have found these operations easier to learn.

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The reader should understand that these processes are those of hand bookbinding, which have been brought down by tradition from the days of the Eves, the Le Gascons, and the Grolier bookbinders. They are not the processes used in binding the majority of the books that one sees in the stores. Those books are the product of machinery, and will not bear comparison with the hand-bound book. The tools of the hand worker in bookbinding are what they have been for hundreds of years—the blunt needle, the upright bench on which he sews his books, the flat hammer with which he beats the back into shape, the knife with which he pares the leather, the iron screw-press, the glue-pot, and the metal polishers and dies for ornamentation. One really feels that he is being brought into touch with the spirit of the mediæval guilds when he is using these tools that have been wielded by so many master craftsmen in the old days.

❀

The Spectator repeated to his teacher the remark of a friend who had heard of his new fad and thought that he ought to take up something that required exercise. "Exercise!" said his instructor, "just feel that arm!" The Spectator squeezed a formidable biceps muscle and acknowledged that it looked as if bookbinding were not a job for weaklings. And after he left the sewing-bench and proceeded to beat his books with a heavy hammer, and later to screw them into a press with all his strength and that of his teacher combined, and to polish the leather by bearing with all his force and weight on a tool held at

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his shoulder, the Spectator realized that the hand-bound book is a product of brawn as well as brain. "How, then," asked the Spectator, "does it come that so many young women are taking up the work?" "Well," was the reply, "those of them who stay at it become very strong. It's a fine thing for their health. I have some fashionable young lady pupils, and one of them recently told me that her maid remarked to her one morning that her shoulder was all black and blue. 'And, oh,' said my pupil, 'wasn't I proud of those black and blue marks that showed how hard I'd been working!' Another of my pupils looks rather slender, but she's all steel, and is as strong now as any man in the place. When she commenced her work, some years ago, she was hardly as strong as the average girl. I tell you bookbinding is better than golf for your muscles!"

❀

"I suppose not everybody is strong enough for the work?" the Spectator questioned. "Oh," was the reply, "it isn't so much a matter of physical strength at the start. That will come. But a person has to have a certain knack at handling tools, and especially a knife. I can tell very quickly whether a man, and especially a woman, can learn to pare leather, which is a very important part of the work on these fine books. The other day I had an application from a wealthy society woman who wanted to join a class. I gave her two or three lessons, and then I frankly told her that I didn't think she had the making of a bookbinder in her. 'Well,' she said, 'anyway, please let me stay. The work is so fascinating, and then while I'm here I get rid of worrying about my servants!'"

❀

The Spectator, too, found the work fascinating—but expensive as well. He soon found his taste in the matter of books improving to a point where he wanted only the most expensive bindings. Cloth and even morocco seemed unworthy coverings for a good book. "Crushed levant" was the only satisfactory material for binding. This thick, coarse-grained goat's hide, he found, comes in many beautiful colors, is a joy to look at, and a good, well-tanned, flawless skin costs several dollars. It must be pared down to a feather-edge with great nicety, and the slightest deviation of the razor-edged knife will make an incision that will spoil the skin. The Spectator never tired of watching the deft movements of his instructor in paring the leather, but he has no doubt that that worthy man became very tired of watching the Spectator's clumsy attempts at imitating him. When, however, the Spectator had gone through with the forty-odd processes employed in "forwarding" his first levant-bound volume, and it lay before him, with its hand-woven head-bands, its raised seams at the back standing up like mountain ridges, its highly polished red leather sides contrasting handsomely with the brown doublure or leather casing inside, its lustrous silk linings, its solid "head" and squarely set "joint," a thing of beauty outside and in, he was happy. What cared he that the "finishing" was only then to begin—the decorating with lines and squares, florets or arabesques, or whatever fancy and skill might suggest and work out? The working on the leather with the heated die—heated just to the point where it will stamp without burning the leather—the sizing with white of egg, the laying on of the gold leaf, the application of the die again, the lettering on the back, and all that—the Spectator learned it all, or at least did it all, and now he shares the feeling of the Chinese, who regard a printed book with positive veneration. The Spectator would on no account omit this chapter from his life's experience. He feels that learning to bind books is no child's play—though he is glad that many children are learning the rudiments of the art—but that it is worth the work and the cost to any one who has the bibliophile's instinct; and in these days who is without some trace of it? The winter's work was absorbing and somewhat strenuous, but for the Spectator it has added much to the joy of living.

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THE CLEARING-HOUSE AND THE PANIC

BY GEORGE CAREY

EVERY day during the past three weeks the average American citizen has, over his morning coffee-cup, absorbed some news item or editorial comment concerning the bank "Clearing-House." It may have been the Clearing-House of New York, or of Boston, or of Chicago, or of San Francisco, or of a dozen other large commercial and financial centers. Local importance but intensified the interest of the reader. Morning and evening journals have been filled with assertion, conjecture, and prophecy as to what measure the Clearing-House would adopt, as to what financially vital question this or that Clearing-House Committee might have passed upon. For all the world knows that the corner of what might have been a very grave commercial and financial crisis has just been skillfully rounded. The pilots of the ship of state in the perilous passage have been the Clearing-House Associations of Bankers and the National Treasury Department.

What is the Clearing-House, who are the Clearing-House bankers, and what is their province in the world of business? The Clearing-House is the bulwark and fortress of credit. The Clearing-House bankers form the army that guards the walls and makes them impregnable. Credit is the heart and soul of business. It has begotten the banking systems of the world, and has in turn become their foster child. An enormously large proportion of the world's business is conducted upon credit. Nearly all payments of importance are made by checks, which are but certificates of credit. Checks drawn upon one bank in a given town are frequently presented for payment at another. Having been cashed or accepted by bank number two, the latter forthwith, upon the following day, before the close of banking hours, offers it for collection to bank number one. If the communities are small, and contain, perhaps, but one or two banks, the process of mutual interchange of checks and drafts each day is a simple one. But where the city is large and banks number, possibly, fifty or more, the complexity and difficulty of these mutual transactions is obvious. Supposing the case of a town in which there are only two banks: Bank X, at the close of the business day, has checks on Bank Y amounting to $7,500. Bank Y has checks drawn on Bank X totaling the sum of $4,700. The balance is quickly settled, Bank Y simply paying over to bank X the sum of $2,800.

But suppose there are, in some great city, let us say, seventy-five banks, having a daily interchange of checks amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars, in sums ranging all the way from fifty cents to five hundred thousand or a million dollars and more. Each of these seventy-five banks may hold every day a large number of checks drawn on every one of the other seventy-four. Fancy the labor involved and the inevitable confusion that would arise in the daily balancing of accounts among the seventy-five institutions. The wheels of business would be clogged and inconceivably retarded. Bankers discovered this many years ago. They concluded that, as all were working towards the same end, unity of action meant facility in achievement. Hence was born the bank clearing-house, a place where all might meet for interchange of mutual debits and credits. In London it was established in 1775. Albert Gallatin recommended it for adoption in this country in 1841. Finally, in 1853, the first New York Clearing-House Association was established. It had been tried successfully in Philadelphia prior to that time. There are clearing-house associations to-day in all the large cities.

The Clearing-House Association is entirely governed by the presidents of the member banks. From among their

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own number the latter elect committees to decide upon all questions that may arise—such as the election of new members, or the valuation of securities offered in panic times as collateral for Clearing-House certificates—and to direct matters of routine business. Each member bank is annually assessed so much for the Association's current expenses.

The methods of Clearing-House transactions have been systematized until they approximate perfection. At a few minutes before ten o'clock each morning every member of the Association sends to the Clearing-House two clerks. One of these, called the delivery clerk, bears such checks and drafts on other member banks as have been deposited or presented for collection at his own bank the preceding day. Each of these debtor banks' checks is contained in a separate parcel, accompanied by a ticket showing the total amount due the creditor bank.

The second clerk, called the settlement clerk, carries a paper form upon which has been set forth his bank's indebtedness to the other banks, and the sum total thereof. The difference between this sum and the amount which the delivery clerk collects from the settlement clerks representing other banks constitutes the amount owed that particular bank by the Clearing-House, or the sum in which the bank is indebted to the Clearing-House, as the case may be. Balances are settled, not by check, but in gold coin, gold certificates, legal tender, or legal tender certificates. The last named are usually in denominations of $5,000, and are issued by the United States Treasury to certain National banks in return for an equal amount of legal tender notes, which are held to redeem the certificates.

The business of the Clearing-House takes but a short time, and is conducted under rules of the strictest discipline, fines being imposed for tardiness or inaccuracy on the part of clerks. Before the gong clangs announcing the opening of the Clearing-House for business the clerks have taken their positions. Behind screened desks sit the settlement clerks, each with his tally-sheet. Before the desks stand the delivery clerks, bearing the packages of checks on the various debtor banks. At the tap of the gong the delivery clerk places upon the desk opposite which he is standing the proper package of checks and drafts, together with the slip showing the total sum due from that particular bank. The settlement clerk then examines the sheet which the delivery clerk presents, and signs it if correct. The line passes on. At the end of the line sits a Clearing-House clerk who verifies and makes entry of the claims of each bank in a column headed "Banks Cr.," or Creditor Banks. When the settlement clerks have totaled the amounts due from their banks, these totals are entered by the Clearing-House clerk, or proof clerk, under the heading "Banks Dr.," or Debtor Banks, after which a balance is struck. This completes the ordinary daily transactions in all their essentials.

In great communities like New York and Chicago there are, of course, many banking institutions that remain outside the pale of the clearing-house associations. For some reason they have been refused admittance, or have not cared to join. The trust companies of New York form a notable illustration of this technical separation from Clearing-House banks. The articles of their incorporation—they are all State institutions—permit them a latitude in banking operations which did not meet the approval of the older and more conservative bankers. Still, it became the custom for members of the Clearing-House Association to "clear" for certain non-member banks, and for many trust companies; that is, to pass the checks and drafts of these institutions through the Clearing-House along with its own for a consideration, thus greatly facilitating the conduct of business. Finally, because of undeniably speculative operations on the part of certain institutions, the Clearing-House banks decided to withdraw their sponsorship for trust companies in Clearing-House transactions unless they agreed to maintain a certain cash reserve against deposits. This many of the companies refused to do, thus severing their indirect connection with the Clearing-House. Later a State statute compelled them to maintain a reserve. Thereupon, in many instances, the Clearing-House relations

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through member banks were resumed. These facts are mentioned because of the immediate bearing they have had upon the recent acute financial situation. They go to prove the incalculable importance of the bank clearing-house in the entire business scheme of the country.

Weeks, months, years pass while few give thought to that perfectly adjusted machinery. It has simply become an indispensable and apparently automatic part of the commercial mechanism. Then, perhaps, may come an era of hitherto unparalleled prosperity. Enthusiasm and daring in business enterprise beget over-extension of credit. Speculation follows swiftly in the wake of created value, undermining its foundations. Then the great generals of credit, the clearing-house bankers, begin to draw in their outposts nearer to the fortress. For months past that has been done. Every loan made has been weighed and deliberated upon with utmost care. Collateral has been examined, one might almost say, with a microscope.

When the crisis came a short while ago, it was the Clearing-House Association that stepped into the breach and saved the day. To accomplish this it has become necessary to issue what are known as "Clearing-House Certificates." In times of financial stress the sensitiveness of credit is notoriously acute. Uncertainty and distrust induce depositors to withdraw and hoard their savings. There follows, as is the case at the present time, an actual dearth of currency. Banks comparatively weak in resources are forced to close, though perfectly solvent. The strong must support those honorably dependent. Those whose reserves have become depleted by withdrawals, or whose loans have been, perhaps, unwise, look naturally to their more fortunate associates.

Hence the origin of Clearing-House certificates. Their issuance means that the reserves of the stronger banks have been pooled for the benefit of the less resourceful, and also for that of the general public. Thus the daily supply of actual currency, regard being had to its depletion by withdrawal and temporary hoarding by depositors, may be, at least sentimentally, advanced to the maximum point possible. To this end the Clearing-House agrees to issue to member banks, upon suitable collateral deposited with its loan committee, certificates which shall pass current in settlement of balances *at the Clearing-House only*. They have no general circulation whatever. In form they are as follows:

No....

LOAN COMMITTEE OF THE NEW YORK CLEARING-HOUSE ASSOCIATION

This certifies that the *Blank* Bank has deposited with this Committee securities in accordance with the proceedings held October 26, 1907, upon which this certificate is based. This certificate will be received in payment of balances for the sum of Five Thousand Dollars from any member of the Clearing-House Association.

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS

On the surrender of this certificate by the depositing bank above named, the Committee will indorse the amount as a payment on the obligations of said bank held by them, and surrender a proportionate share of the collateral securities held thereunder.

COMMITTEE

The banks pay six per cent upon these certificates, the interest being turned into the general treasury of the Clearing-House for current expenses.

The use of these certificates by the banks in payment of daily clearances releases just that much cash for general business purposes. Also, unity of action by the banks in such times of stress undoubtedly tends to restore confidence. The certificates are, of course, issued only as a temporary expedient in times of exceptional stringency. As faith in general credit is gradually restored, and financial conditions are readjusted automatically, the certificates are withdrawn.

The strength, influence, and wisdom of the Clearing-House bankers working in unison have been amply exemplified of late. They did not hesitate to clean house where house-cleaning seemed the only course, and the purging is likely to be thorough. It may be remembered, too, that, in New York at least, the most notable instances of embarrassment occurred outside the Clearing-House Association. But it was the latter that dictated terms when support was besought.

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TOM JOHNSON OF CLEVELAND

BY GEORGE C. SIKES

TOM L. JOHNSON is in many ways the most interesting and picturesque personality in American public life to-day. His greatest claim to distinction, it seems to me, lies in the fact that he combines in one individuality traits that are commonly found only in men of distinctly opposite types and antagonistic points of view. Johnson represents the new order of democratic leadership that is essential to the solution in a democratic way of the problems which modern economic conditions have thrust to the front in politics. The term democratic in this connection of course is used in the broader and not in the partisan sense. Johnson is a man of radical democratic views upon questions of economic and political policy, somewhat after the manner of Jefferson or Altgeld, only more extreme than either in his fundamental beliefs, while at the same time he is possessed of those exceptional administrative qualities that especially characterize the modern trust-building captains of industry, whose activities are so often the antithesis of democracy.

Jefferson was primarily a political leader. He did not manifest conspicuous administrative ability. He is renowned chiefly on account of political ideas and policies with which his name was associated. The problems of his day were largely political rather than economic in their nature. The difficult business task that most severely taxes the capacity of government to-day, that of the proper regulation or management of the public service industry, did not present itself at all. The great administrative achievements of Jefferson's time, chiefly fiscal in their nature, were wrought by Hamilton, a man thoroughly out of sympathy with Jefferson's popular political notions. As an administrator, Andrew Jackson was even less of a success than was Jefferson. John P. Altgeld probably has exercised as much influence on recent democratic thought and programmes as any American leader of his times, but he was a failure as an administrator when Governor of Illinois. Edward F. Dunne, who won leadership and office as an exponent of the policy of public ownership, showed no practical capacity, as Mayor of Chicago, to put into effect any policy calling for sustained administrative ability. Mr. Bryan, who is seemingly the idol of the Democratic party to-day, because of his championship of popular political ideas, is wholly without executive experience and is believed by many to lack administrative capacity. The great democrats, the men of noblest political ideals, have often been men incapable of dealing effectively with practical situations; while the business type of statesman, capable to the highest degree in the realm of practical achievement, is often out of sympathy with democratic thought and tendencies. Tom Johnson, to my mind, combines in one individuality, to a greater extent than in the case of any other man the Nation has yet produced, the practical administrative efficiency of the business type, together with advocacy of the ideas and policies of radical democracy. Pingree of Michigan, the Republican shoe manufacturer who went into politics and became a champion of radicalism, was something on the Johnson order. But Pingree was neither as efficient on the business side as is Johnson, nor were his underlying notions of policy as well thought out. Johnson, as a leader in the great democratic movement of the times, must be reckoned with as a force in the political life and conflicts of the country.

Mr. Johnson was born in Kentucky in 1854. He was christened Tom, not Thomas. He came from a wealthy slave-owning family. His father served as an officer in the Confederate army. The close of the war found the family in poverty, and young Tom was obliged to go to work at an early age. He learned his first lesson in the value of monopoly as a newsboy of eleven. Through friendly relations with the conductor of the one daily train to his village, Tom was

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allowed to prosper in business in preference to others, precisely as great business enterprises have prospered through similar favoritism since. For several weeks, during a period when the interest in news was keen, the conductor gave young Johnson a monopoly by allowing no one else to bring papers to that village on his train.

In 1869, at the age of fifteen, the boy went to work in a humble capacity on a small street railway system in Louisville which had been purchased by relatives. Before long he became superintendent, a position he held until 1876, when he and two associates purchased the street-car system in Indianapolis. In 1880 Johnson left the Indianapolis field and bought some small car lines in Cleveland, which he began to develop. His business brought him into bitter competition with Marcus A. Hanna, whose political antagonist he was later to become. As an operating street-car man Johnson devised several inventions, one of which, an improved fare box, netted him about $30,000 in days when he needed capital. Johnson also became heavily interested in steel rail making plants. His ventures were successful and made him wealthy.

A chance reading of one of Henry George's books led Johnson, then past thirty years of age, to form the acquaintance of the Prophet of San Francisco, and made him a convert to the single tax idea. At the suggestion of Henry George, Johnson became a candidate for Congress from the Cleveland district in 1888 and was defeated. He tried again in 1890 and was elected, serving two terms, going down to defeat in 1894 at the hands of Mr. Burton, his recent Republican opponent for Mayor of Cleveland.

As a member of Congress Johnson fought the passage of the Wilson tariff bill, which was put through by his fellow-Democrats and allowed by President Cleveland to become a law without his signature. In debate over monopoly legislation, on one occasion, Johnson made a characteristic retort to an opponent who said that he ought to vote for measures he denounced as monopolies, because he was a monopolist. Johnson replied: "As a business man I am willing to take advantage of all the monopoly laws you pass; but as a member of Congress I will not help you to pass them and I will try to force you to repeal them."

In 1901 Johnson was elected Mayor of Cleveland on the issue of three-cent street-car fares. He has now been thrice re-elected. His programme has encountered very strong opposition. Failing to reach an amicable agreement with the existing company, Johnson sought to introduce a competing system. After much litigation, the new company has managed to construct and put into operation a small mileage on which passengers are carried for three cents each. In this connection Johnson has made use of a holding company idea, in the working out of which he is said to have sought the advice of lawyers of the type that serve the great corporations. The holding company virtually agrees to act as trustee for the public and to use all profits in excess of six per cent in making improvements or reducing the outstanding capital with a view to turning the property over to the city debt free as soon as paid for. Johnson's idea is to utilize this plan as a step to municipal ownership, as soon as that policy shall be made possible by the laws of Ohio.

The course of events early forced Mayor Johnson to recognize the dependence of the city upon the State. In order to secure a larger measure of municipal self-government, and to force upon public attention the subject of equitable taxation, Johnson became a candidate for Governor of Ohio and was beaten. The campaign was not without its value, however, for some of the reforms he thus brought to public notice are being carried out. In the same campaign in which he was a candidate for Governor, Johnson openly urged the defeat of legislative nominees of his own party whom he thought unfit. On other occasions he has induced the Democratic party in Cleveland to nominate for office Republicans whom he considered deserving.

Johnson's enemies charge that he is insincere and a demagogue. In the campaign just closed they especially accused him of being the owner of a political machine. Johnson's reply to

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this charge is that he is willing his opponents should call his organization a machine if they care to do so. But he asks the voters to compare the things his "machine" stands for with those for which the "organization" of his opponent is sponsor.

On the administrative side, Johnson is given credit in many quarters for exceptional efficiency. The work of his Commissioner of Charities, the Rev. Harris R. Cooley, is especially noteworthy. The building ordinances have been revised under the supervision of Mr. John Eisenmann, appointed Special Building Code Commissioner by Mayor Johnson, and now Cleveland is said by experts to have the best building code of any city in the country. The management of the Water Bureau by Professor E. W. Bemis has attracted attention. The law and police departments have been highly commended. Public works have been carried forward in a progressive manner. The line of criticism is that too much money has been spent and the city debt too much augmented; but Mayor Johnson challenges his opponents to specify in what items there has been extravagance or waste, and to name the improvement for which the expenditure should not have been incurred.

It was largely general administrative excellence that led Mr. Lincoln Steffens, after a study of Cleveland, to pronounce Johnson "the best Mayor of the best-governed city in the United States." Before he went to Cleveland to investigate, Steffens had a poor opinion of Johnson. Apparently he thought the man was more given to exploiting cranky notions than to getting results. Johnson is, indeed, committed to radical policies to a degree that impairs his usefulness in the eyes of some. But he differs from the mere doctrinaire radicals in that he has the money-making faculty and the practical qualities which attend that faculty, and he is possessed of a saving sense of humor. Without abandoning his ultimate programme, or educational work in its behalf, Johnson is pre-eminently given to doing to-day the thing that can be done.

THE MIRROR OF LIFE

BY EDITH LIVINGSTON SMITH

From rustic bridge o'er the woodland pool
I leaned and I saw the drifting leaves—
Swept by the current's wandering flow,
Blown by a breeze from the skirting trees;
And I said, "So shallow the little pond
That the brook must dry in the wood beyond."

The child looked down from the arching span,
And rapt with peace was her dreamy face;
She said, "I can see where fairies live
'Way under there in the water space,
Where the trees grow down and their leaves wave high.
The pool is as deep as the far-off sky."

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HUMAN BULLETS[1]

The enthusiasm with which Lieutenant Sakurai's book was received in Japan—forty thousand copies were sold in a year—was due to two special causes apart from the natural patriotic feeling which would greet any record of Japan's triumph. In the first place, this is an exceedingly graphic and simple narrative of actual experience in the field; in the second place, it gives voice to the Japanese spirit of devotion to Emperor and country. It is, as Miss Bacon points out, "a revelation of the inmost feelings of a Japanese soldier of remarkable intelligence, spirituality, and power of expression." Through the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., we are permitted to reproduce two passages from this remarkable book: the first describing the parting of the author and his comrades from home and friends; the second, the "forlorn hope" charge in the bloody general attack on Port Arthur.—THE EDITORS.

THE FAREWELL

AT three o'clock in the morning the cannon roared three times from the tower of the castle. I jumped out of bed, cleansed my person with pure water, donned the best of my uniforms, bowed to the east where the great Sire resides, solemnly read his Proclamation of War, and told His Majesty that his humble subject was just starting to the front. When I offered my last prayers—the last, I then believed they were—before the family shrine of my ancestors, I felt a thrill going all through me, as if they were giving me a solemn injunction, saying, "Thou art not thy own. For His Majesty's sake, thou shalt go to save the nation from calamity, ready to bear even the crushing of thy bones and the tearing of thy flesh. Disgrace not thy ancestors by an act of cowardice." My family and relatives gathered around me to give me a farewell cup of *saké* and to congratulate me on my joyous start.

"Don't worry at all about your home affairs—put into practice all your long-cherished good resolutions. For your death your father is quite ready. Add a flower of honor to our family name by distinguished service to the country." This from my father.

"Please, sir, don't be anxious about me. This is the greatest opportunity a soldier can possibly have. Only, do take good care of your delicate self." This from myself.

Such an exchange of sentiments between father and son must have taken place almost simultaneously in a great many families.

When the time had come for me to start, I took up and put on the sword that had been placed in the family shrine, drank the farewell cup of water[1] my dear mother had filled, and left my home with light heart and light feet, expecting to cross its threshold no more.

One officer was just going to the front in high spirits when, on the night previous to his departure, his beloved wife died, leaving a little baby behind. He had, however, no time to see her laid in her last place of rest. Bravely, though with tears hardly suppressed, he started early in the morning. Private sorrow must give way before national calamity, but human nature remains the same forever. This unfortunate officer's sad dreams in camp must have frequently wandered around the pole marking her burial-place and about the pillow of the baby crying after its mother. . . .

My humble self was honored with the important duty of bearing the regimental standard. The low bows and enthusiastic cheers at the sight of the flag from crowds of people standing by the roadsides stirred my spirits more and more, and also made me fear lest I might fail in my duty. During our march, Mr. Kojima, who had instructed me for five years in the high school, noticed me, came forward two or three

[1] Human Bullets: A Soldier's Story of Port Arthur. By Tadayoshi Sakurai. With an Introduction by Count Okuma. Translated by Masujiro Honda. Edited by Alice Mabel Bacon. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

[1] The farewell cup of water (*mizu-sakazuki*, "water-wine-cup"), to which reference is made frequently in Lieutenant Sakurai's story, is a religious ceremony, probably of Shinto origin, of the nature of a sacrament. At the moment of death, the nearest relative present administers water to the dying person, an act of purification for the next life. Hence, on the departure of any member of the family on an errand to which he has vowed his life, the farewell cup that is given him is not the *saké*, typifying joy and good-fellowship, but water, the symbol of purification.

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steps from among the watching crowd, with overwhelming joy in his face, and whispered in my ear: "Strive hard, Sakurai."

This brief but forcible exhortation from my kind teacher rang in my ears throughout the campaign and urged me to be worthy of his teaching.

War songs sung by groups of innocent kindergarten children—how they shook our hearts from the foundation! Old women bowed with age would rub rosaries between their palms, muttering prayers, and saying, "Our great Buddha will take care of you! Do your best for us, Mr. Soldiers." How pathetically their zeal impressed us!

THE ASSAULT

As soon as we were gathered together the colonel rose and gave us a final word of exhortation, saying: "This battle is our great chance of serving our country. To-night we must strike at the vitals of Port Arthur. Our brave assaulting column must be not simply a forlorn-hope ('resolved-to-die'), but a 'sure-death' detachment. I as your father am more grateful than I can express for your gallant fighting. Do your best, all of you."

Yes, we were all ready for death when leaving Japan. Men going to battle of course cannot expect to come back alive. But in this particular battle to be ready for death was not enough; what was required of us was a determination not to fail to die. Indeed, we were "sure-death" men, and this new appellation gave us a great stimulus. Also a telegram that had come from the Minister of War in Tokyo was read by the aide-de-camp, which said, "I pray for your success." This increased the exaltation of our spirits.

Let me now recount the sublimity and horror of this general assault. I was a mere lieutenant and everything passed through my mind as in a dream, so my story must be something like picking out things from the dark. I can't give you any systematic account, but must limit myself to fragmentary recollections. If this story sounds like a vainglorious account of my own achievements, it is not because I am conscious of my merit when I have so little to boast of, but because the things concerning me and near me are what I can tell you with authority. If this partial account prove a clue from which the whole story of this terrible assault may be inferred, my work will not have been in vain.

The men of the "sure-death" detachment rose to their part. Fearlessly they stepped forward to the place of death. They went over Panlung-shan and made their way through the piled-up bodies of the dead, groups of five or six soldiers reaching the barricaded slope one after another.

I said to the colonel, "Good-by, then!"

With this farewell I started, and my first step was on the head of a corpse. Our objective points were the Northern Fortress and Wang-tai Hill.

There was a fight with bombs at the enemy's skirmish-trenches. The bombs sent from our side exploded finely, and the place became at once a conflagration, boards were flung about, sand-bags burst, heads flew around, legs were torn off. The flames mingled with the smoke, lighted up our faces weirdly, with a red glare, and all at once the battle-line became confused. Then the enemy, thinking it hopeless, left the place and began to flee. "Forward! forward! Now is the time to go forward! Forward! Pursue! Capture it with one bound!" and, proud of our victory, we went forward courageously.

Captain Kawakami, raising his sword, cried, "Forward!" and then I, standing close by him, cried, "Sakurai's company, forward!"

Thus shouting, I left the captain's side, and, in order to see the road we were to follow, went behind the rampart. What is that black object which obstructs our view? It is the ramparts of the Northern Fortress. Looking back, I did not see a soldier. Alack, had the line been cut? In trepidation, keeping my body to the left for safety, I called the Twelfth Company.

"Lieutenant Sakurai!" a voice called out repeatedly in answer. Returning in the direction of the sound, I found Corporal Ito weeping loudly.

"What are you crying for? What has happened?"

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The corporal, weeping bitterly, gripped my arm tightly.

"Lieutenant Sakurai, you have become an important person."

"What is there to weep about? I say, what is the matter?"

He whispered in my ear, "Our captain is dead."

Hearing this, I too wept. Was it not only a moment ago that he had given the order "Forward"? Was it not even now that I had separated from him? And yet our captain was one of the dead. In one moment our tender, pitying Captain Kawakami and I had become beings of two separate worlds. Was it a dream or a reality, I wondered?

Corporal Ito pointed out the captain's body, which had fallen inside the rampart only a few rods away. I hastened thither and raised him in my arms.

"Captain!" I could not say a word more.

But as matters could not remain thus, I took the secret map which the captain had, and, rising up boldly, called out, "From henceforward I command the Twelfth Company." And I ordered that some one of the wounded should carry back the captain's corpse. A wounded soldier was just about to raise it up when he was struck on a vital spot and died leaning on the captain. One after another of the soldiers who took his place was struck and fell.

I called Sub-Lieutenant Ninomiya and asked him if the sections were together.

He answered in the affirmative. I ordered Corporal Ito not to let the line be cut, and told him that I would be in the center of the skirmishers. In the darkness of the night we could not distinguish the features of the country, nor in which direction we were to march. Standing up abruptly against the dark sky were the Northern Fortress and Wang-tai Hill. In front of us lay a natural stronghold, and we were in a caldron-shaped hollow. But still we marched on side by side.

"The Twelfth Company forward!"

I turned to the right and went forward as in a dream. I remember nothing clearly of the time.

"Keep the line together!"

This was my one command. Presently I ceased to hear the voice of Corporal Ito, who had been at my right hand. The bayonets gleaming in the darkness became fewer. The black masses of soldiers who had pushed their way on now became a handful. All at once, as if struck by a club, I fell down sprawling on the ground. I was wounded, struck in my right hand. The splendid magnesium light of the enemy flashed out, showing the piled-up bodies of the dead, and I raised my wounded hand and looked at it. It was broken at the wrist; the hand hung down and was bleeding profusely. I took out the already loosened bundle of bandages,[1] tied up my wound with the triangular piece, and then, wrapping a handkerchief over it, I slung it from my neck with the sunrise flag, which I had sworn to plant on the enemy's fortress.

Looking up, I saw that only a valley lay between me and Wang-tai Hill, which almost touched the sky. I wished to drink and sought at my waist, but the canteen was gone; its leather strap alone was entangled in my feet. The voices of the soldiers were lessening one by one. In contrast, the glare of the rockets of the hated enemy and the frightful noise of the cannonading increased. I slowly rubbed my legs, and, seeing that they were unhurt, I again rose. Throwing aside the sheath of my sword, I carried the bare blade in my left hand as a staff, went down the slope as in a dream, and climbed Wang-tai Hill.

The long and enormously heavy guns were towering before me, and how few of my men were left alive now! I shouted and told the survivors to follow me, but few answered my call. When I thought that the other detachments must also have been reduced to a similar condition, my heart began to fail me. No reinforcement was to be hoped for, so I ordered a soldier to climb the rampart and plant the sun flag overhead, but, alas! he was shot and killed, without even a sound or cry.

All of a sudden a stupendous sound as from another world rose around about me.

"Counter-assault!"

A detachment of the enemy appeared

[1] The "first aid" bandages, prepared by the Red Cross Society, issued to every soldier as part of his equipment.

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on the rampart, looking like a dark wooden barricade. They surrounded us in the twinkling of an eye and raised a cry of triumph. Our disadvantageous position would not allow us to offer any resistance, and our party was too small to fight them. We had to fall back down the steep hill. Looking back, I saw the Russians shooting at us as they pursued. When we reached the earthworks before mentioned, we made a stand and faced the enemy. Great confusion and infernal butchery followed. Bayonets clashed against bayonets; the enemy brought out machine guns and poured shot upon us pell-mell; the men on both sides fell like grass. But I cannot give you a detailed account of the scene, because I was then in a dazed condition. I only remember that I was brandishing my sword in fury. I also felt myself occasionally cutting down the enemy. I remember a confused fight of white blade against white blade, the rain and hail of shell, a desperate fight here and a confused scuffle there. At last I grew so hoarse that I could not shout any more. Suddenly my sword broke with a clash; my left arm was pierced. I fell, and before I could rise a shell came and shattered my right leg. I gathered all my strength and tried to stand up, but I felt as if I were crumbling and fell to the ground perfectly powerless. A soldier who saw me fall cried, "Lieutenant Sakurai, let us die together."

I embraced him with my left arm and, gnashing my teeth with regret and sorrow, I could only watch the hand-to-hand fight going on about me. My mind worked like that of a madman, but my body would not move an inch.

IN THE WAKE OF THE PARTRIDGE[1]

BY ELIZABETH WOODBRIDGE

"The kangaroo ran very fast,
I ran faster.
The kangaroo was very fat,
I ate him.
Kangaroo! Kangaroo!"

THIS, the hunting song of the Australian Bushman, is the best one I know. Without disguise or adornment, it embodies the primitive hunting instinct that is in every one of us, whether we hunt people or animals or things or ideas.

Jonathan and I do not habitually hunt kangaroos, and our hunting, or at any rate my share in it, is not as uniformly successful as the Bushman's seems to have been. For our own uses we should have to amend the song something as follows:

"The partridge-bird flew very fast,
I missed him.
The partridge-bird was very fat,
I ate—chicken.
Partridge-bird! Partridge-bird!"

But we do not measure the success of our hunting by the size of our bag. The chase, the day out of doors, two or three birds at the most out of the dozen we flush, this is all that we ask. But, then, we have a chicken-yard to fall back upon, which the Bushman had not.

We sit before a blazing open fire, eating a hunter's breakfast—which means nearly everything in the pantry. Coffee and toast are all very well for ordinary purposes, but they are not good to carry you through a day's hunting, especially our kind of hunting. For a day's hunt with us is not an elaborate and well-planned affair. It does not mean a prearranged course over "preserved" territory, with a rendezvous at noon where the luncheon wagon comes, bringing out vast quantities of food, and taking home the morning's bag of game. It means a day's hunt that follows whither the birds lead, in a section of New England that is considered "hunted out," over ground sometimes familiar, sometimes wholly new, with no luncheon but a few crackers or a sandwich that has been stowed away in one of Jonathan's game pockets all the morning, and perhaps an apple or two picked up in passing

[1] Our readers will remember with pleasure "A Placid Runaway" and "An Unprogressive Farm," the first and second of the Jonathan Papers, of which this is the third.—THE EDITORS.

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from some old orchard now submerged in the woods—a hunt ending only when it is too dark to shoot, with perhaps a long tramp home again after that. No, coffee and toast would never do!

As we turn out of the sheltered barnyard through the bars and up the farm lane, the keen wind flings at us, and our numb fingers recoil from the metal of our guns and take a careful grip on the wood. At once we fall to discussing the vital question—where will the birds be to-day? For the partridges—as the New Englander calls our ruffed grouse—are very fastidious about where they spend their days. Sometimes they are all in the swamps, sometimes they are among the white birches of the hillsides, sometimes in the big woods, sometimes on the half-wooded rock-ledges, sometimes among the scrub growth of lately cut timberland, and sometimes, in very cold weather, on the dry knolls where the cedars huddle—the warm little brooding cedars that give the birds shelter as a hen does her chicks.

When I first began to hunt with Jonathan, he knew so much more than I in these matters that I always accepted his judgment. If he said, "To-day they will be in the swamps," I responded, "To the swamps let us go." But after a time I came to have opinions of my own, and then the era of discussion set in.

"To-day," begins Jonathan, judicially, "the wind is north, and the birds will be on the south slopes close to the swamp bottoms to keep warm."

"Now, Jonathan, you know I don't a bit believe in going by the wind. The partridges don't mind wind, their feathers shed it. What they care about is the sun, and to-day the sun is hot—at least," with a shiver, "it would be if we had feathers on instead of canvas. *I* believe we shall find them in the big woods."

I usually advocate the big woods, because I like them best for a tramp.

Jonathan, too well content at the prospect of a day's hunt to mind contradiction, says genially, "All right; I'll go wherever you say." Which always reduces me to terms at once. Above all things, I dislike to make myself answerable for the success or failure of the day. I prefer irresponsible criticism beforehand—and afterwards. So I say hastily, "Oh, no, no! Of course you know a great deal more than I do. We'll go wherever you think best."

"Well, perhaps it *is* too warm for the swamps to-day. Now, they might be in the birches."

"Oh, dear! *Don't* let's go to the birches! The birds can't be there. They never are."

"I thought we were going to go where I thought best."

"Yes—but only not to the birches. It's all a private myth of yours about their being there."

"Is it a private myth of mine that you shot those two woodcock in the birches of the upper farm last year? And how about that big gray partridge—"

"Well—of course—that was later in the season. I suppose the birds do eat birch buds when everything else gives out."

And so I criticise, having agreed not to. But it is good for Jonathan; it makes him careful.

"Well, shall it be the swamp?"

"No; if you really *think* they're in the birches, we'll go there. Besides, the swamp seems a little—chilly—to begin with. Wait till I've seen a bird. Then I sha'n't mind so."

"Then you do admit it's a cool morning?"

"To paddle in a swamp, yes. The birds don't have to paddle."

We try the birches, and the pretty things whip our faces with their slender twigs in their own inimitable fashion, peculiarly trying to my temper. I can never go through birches long without growing captious.

"Jonathan," I call, as I catch a glimpse of his hunting-coat through an opening, "I thought the birds were in the birches this morning. They don't seem really abundant."

Jonathan, unruffled, suggests that I go along on the edge of the woods while he beats out the middle with the dog, which magnanimous offer shames me into silent if not cheerful acquiescence. Suddenly—whr-r-r—something bursts away in the brush ahead of us. "Mark!" we both call, and, "Did you get his line?" My critical spirit is stilled, and I am suddenly

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fired with the instinct to follow, follow! It is indeed a primitive instinct, this of the chase. No matter how tired one is, the impulse of pursuit is there. At the close of a long day's hunt, after fifteen miles or so of hard tramping—equal to twice that of easy walking—when my feet are heavy and my head dull, I have never seen a partridge fly without feeling ready, eager, to follow anywhere.

After we move the first bird, it is follow my leader! And a wild leader he is. Flushed in the birches, he makes straight for the swamp. The swamp it is, then, and down we go after him, and in we go—ugh! how shivery the first plunge is—straight to the puddly heart of it, carefully keeping our direction, going fast at first; then, when we have nearly covered the distance a partridge usually flies, going more cautiously, holding back the too eager dog, listening for the snap of a twig or the sound of wings, gripping our guns tighter at every blue jay or robin that flicks across our path. No bird yet; we must have passed him; perhaps we went too far to the left. But no—whr-r-r! *Where* is he? There! Out of the top of a tall swamp maple off he goes, sailing over the swamp to the ridge beyond. No wonder the dog was at sea. Well—we know his line, we are off again after him in spite of the swamp between, with its mud and its rotten tree-trunks and its grape-vines and its cat-briers.

Up on the ridge at last, we hunt close, find him, get a shot, probably miss, and away we go again. Some hunters, used to a country where game is plenty, will not follow a bird if they miss him on the first rise. They prefer to keep on their predetermined course and find another. But for me there is little pleasure in that kind of sport. What I enjoy most is not shooting, but hunting. The chase is the thing—the chase after a particular bird once flushed, the setting of my wits against his in the endeavor to follow up his flight. We have now and then flushed the same bird nine or ten times before we got him—and we have not always got him then. For many and deep are the crafty ways of the old partridge, and we have not yet learned them all. That is why I like partridge-hunting better than quail or woodcock, though in these you get far more and better shooting. Quail start in a bunch, scatter, fly and drop where you can flush them again, one at a time; woodcock fly in a zigzag, drop where they happen to, and sit still till you almost step on them. But the partridge thinks as he flies—thinks to good advantage. He seems to know what we expect him to do, and then he does something else. How many times have we gone past him when he sat quietly between us, and then heard him fly off stealthily down our back track! How often, in a last desperate search for a vanished bird, have I jumped on every felled cedar top in a field—except the one he was under! How often have I broken open my gun to climb a stone wall—for we are cautious folk, Jonathan and I—and, as I stood in perilous balance, seen a great bird burst out from under my very feet! How often—but I am not going to be tempted into telling hunting stories. For some reason or other, hunting stories chiefly interest the narrator. I have watched sportsmen telling tales in the evenings, and noted how every man but the speaker grows restive as he watches for a chance to get in his own favorite yarn.

And it is not the partridges alone with whom we grow acquainted. We have glimpses, too, of the other outdoor creatures. The life of the woods slips away from us as we pass, but only just out of sight, and not always that. The blue jays scream in the tree-tops, officiously proclaiming us to the woods; the chickadees, who *must* see all that goes on, hop close beside us in the bushes; the gray squirrel dodges behind a tree-trunk with just the corner of an eye peering at us around it. The chipmunk darts into the stone wall, and doubtless looks at us from its safe depths; the rabbit gallops off from the brier tangle or the brush heap, or sits up, round-eyed, thinking, little silly, that we don't see him. Once I saw a beautiful red fox who leaped into the open for a moment, stood poised, and leaped on into the brush; and once, as I sat resting, a woodchuck, big and uncombed, hustled busily past me, so close I could have touched him. He did not see me, and

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seemed so preoccupied with some pressing business that I should hardly have been surprised to see him pull a watch out of his pocket, like Alice's rabbit, and mutter, "I shall be late." I had not known that the wood creatures ever felt hurried except when pursued. Another time I was working up the slope on the sunny edge of a run, and, as I drew myself up over the edge of a big rock, I found myself face to face—nose to nose—with a calm, mild-eyed, cottontail rabbit. He did not remain calm; in fact, we were both startled, but he recovered first, and hopped softly over the side of the rock, and went galloping away through the brushy bottom, while I, still kneeling, watched him disappear just as Jonathan came up.

"What's the joke?"

"Nothing, only I just met a rabbit. He sat here, right here, and he was so rabbit-y! He looked at me just like an Easter card."

"Why didn't you shoot him?"

"I never thought of it. I wish you had seen how his nose twiddled! And, anyhow, I wouldn't shoot anything sitting up that way, like a tame kitten."

"Then why didn't you shoot when he ran?"

"Shoot a rabbit running! Running in scallops! I couldn't."

The fact is, I shouldn't shoot a rabbit anyway, unless driven by hunger. I am not humane, but merely sentimental about them because they are soft and pretty. Once, indeed, when I found all my beautiful heads of lettuce neatly nibbled off down to the central stalks, I almost hardened my heart against them, but the next time I met one of the little fellows I forgave him all.

I believe that one of the very best things about our way of following a partridge is the sense of intimacy with the countryside which it creates—an intimacy which nothing else has ever given us. In most outdoor faring one sticks to the roads and paths, in fishing one keeps to the watercourses, in cross-country tramping one unconsciously goes around obstacles. Nothing but the headlong and undeviating pursuit of a bird along a path of his choosing would ever have given me that acquaintance with ledge and swamp and laurel copse that I now possess. I know our swamp as a hippopotamus might, or—to stick to plain Yankee creatures—a mud turtle. It is a very swampy swamp, with spring holes and channels and great shallow pools where the leaves from the tall swamp maples—scarlet and rose and ashes of roses—sift slowly down and float until they sink into the leaf-mold beneath. I have favorite paths through it as the squirrels have in the tree-tops; I know where the mud is too deep to venture, where the sprawling, moss-covered roots of the maples offer grateful support; I know the brushy edges where the blossoming witch-hazel fills the air with its quaint fragrance; I know the sunny, open places where the tufted ferns, shoulder high, and tawny gold after the early frosts, give insecure but welcome footing; I know—too well indeed—the thickets of black alder that close in about me and tug at my gun and drive me to fury.

Yes, we know that swamp, and other swamps only less well. We know the rock ledges, the big dry woods of oak and chestnut and maple and beech. We know the ravines where the great hemlocks keep the air always dim and still, and one goes silent-footed over the needle floor. We grow familiar, too, with all the little things about the country. We discover new haunts of the fringed gentian, the wonderful, the capricious, with its unbelievable blue that one sees nowhere else save under the black lashes of some Irish eyes. We find the shy spring orchids, gone to seed now, but we remember and seek them out again next May. We surprise the spring flowers in their rare fall blossoming—violets white and blue in the warm, moist bottom-lands, sand violets on the dry knolls, daisies, hepaticas, buttercups, and anemones—I have seen all these in a single day in raw November. We learn where the biggest chestnuts are—great silky brown fellows almost twice the size of Jonathan's thumb. We discover old landmarks in the deep woods, surveyors' posts, a heap of stones carefully piled on a big rock. We find old clearings, overgrown now, but our feet still feel underneath the weeds the furrows left by the plow. Now

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and then we come upon a spot where once there must have been a home. There is no house, no timbers even, but the stone cellar is not wholly obliterated, and the gnarled lilac-bush and the apple-tree stubbornly cling to a worn-out life amidst the forest of young white oaks and chestnuts that has closed in about them. Once we came upon a little group of gravestones, only three or four, sunken in the ground and so overgrown and weather-worn that we could read nothing. There was no sign of a human habitation, but I suppose they must have been placed there in the old days when the family burial-ground was in one corner of the farm itself.

We learn to know where the springs of pure water are, welling up out of the deep ground in a tiny pool under some big rock or between the roots of a great yellow birch-tree. And when the sun shines hot at noon, and a lost trail and a vanished bird leave us to the sudden realization that we are tired and thirsty, we know where is the nearest water. We know, too, the knack of drinking so as not to swallow the little gnats that skim its surface—you must blow them back ever so gently, and drink before they close in again. How good it tastes as we lie at full length on the matted brown leaves! How good the crackers taste, too, and the crisp apples, as we sit by the spring and rest, and talk over the morning's hunt and plan the afternoon's—subject to the caprices of the birds.

But I suppose the very best about hunting can never be told at all. That is true of any really good thing, and there is nothing better than a long day after the birds. It is always good to be out of doors. And there are seasons when one is glad to wander slowly over the fields and byways; there are times when it seems best of all to be still—in the heart of the woods, on the wide hill-pastures, in the deep grass of the meadows. But not in the fall! Is it a breath of the migrating instinct that makes us want to be off and away, to go, and go, and go? Yes, fall is the time for the hunt—gay, boisterous fall, rioting in wind and color to keep up its spirits against the stealthy approach of winter. And whether we shoot well or ill, whether our game pockets are heavy or light, no matter what the weather we find or the country we cross, it is all good hunting, very good. And at night we come in to a blazing fire, feeling tired, oh, so tired! and hungry, oh, so hungry! and with soul and body shriven clean by wind and sun.

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THE INDICTMENT AGAINST THE BILL-BOARD[1]

BY CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF

Vice-President American Civic Association

THE counts in the indictment against the bill-board evil are being formulated and multiplied throughout the country. Each interest involved is pressing its charges with increasing vigor and relentlessness.

The public official, in the person of the fire and police chiefs, is objecting on the ground that the bill-board is a menace to the life, health, and property of the community. Very slight reflection is needed to see how dangerous bill-boards are apt to be in large cities and in narrow streets. Fire Chief Croker, of New York, maintains that they are a delay and a very great handicap to a fireman, and that time and again his men have to cut their way through the boards to get to a fire. The Fire Chief of Janesville, Wisconsin, is officially on record as opposed to bill-boards, and in Buffalo the City Council has placed in charge of the Fire Bureau the abatement of those boards defined to be nuisances. Moreover, bill-boards, it is contended by some officials, help to communicate fire, and should be forbidden on the same ground that frame structures are forbidden in built-up sections of the average city. To allow bill-boards within the limits wherein frame structures are forbidden is an obvious inconsistency which ought forthwith to be done away with without further debate.

The police in some cities object because the boards afford a hiding-place for fugitives and criminals; and sanitary officers and building inspectors object because the grounds behind bill-boards are likely to become nuisances. The Memphis Council recently enacted some much-needed protective and sanitary legislation, including certain sections bearing on the bill-board problem, the constitutionality of which was assailed but eventually sustained by the Supreme Court. In future all bill-boards must be built three feet from the ground. This is primarily necessary for the purpose of sanitation. Many people have been using the space in the rear of extensive bill-boards as a common dumping-ground. Filth of all character has been deposited in such places because they were screened from the public streets. Various nuisances have been committed and the health of the city has been endangered. This was one of the reasons that led the building inspector to begin his crusade in behalf of a healthier and safer arrangement for the construction of such boards. In this he had the co-operation of the health department and some of the city officials in general. In addition to this there are certain other regulations to be complied with looking to the public safety. A number of boards have recently toppled over, and in two instances death was narrowly averted. In future, in Memphis, all bill-boards, in addition to being built three feet from the ground, must be built upon posts six by six inches where the sign is to be ten feet in height.

This legislation does not go into the question of the moral or æsthetic offensiveness of bill-boards, but it is significant in that it establishes a precedent that they are nuisances because a danger, if unregulated, to the public health. Moreover, it furnishes a reply to one of the stock arguments of bill-posters that they hide unpleasant spots and sights. A correspondent of a Pittsburg paper thus puts this side of the case: "Bill-boards have been called an eyesore, but I leave it to any observant person if a picture, no matter now inartistic or crude, is worse than the usual litter of tin cans, garbage, stones, etc., generally to be found behind these same boards. Clean up the vacant lots so that the people will not want to hide them with hideous

[1] Editorial comment on this subject will be found on another page.—THE EDITORS.

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fences and then talk about the harm done to one's artistic principles by bill-boards." Will those responsible for such a condition of affairs be the more likely to clean up if the litter is exposed, or if it is allowed to remain concealed behind a bill-board? Bill-boards may cover up a lot of sins, but the wiser policy is to cure the sin rather than multiply the bill-boards!

There are those who now claim that bill-boards are further detrimental to health because they shut out the light from offices, factories, and in some places flats and dwellings. If bill-boards multiply in number and size as rapidly in the next year or two as they have in the past two or three, they will shut out a very considerable amount of light and air. What with the sky-scraper and the gigantic bill-boards in our cities, the outlook is not encouraging unless a halt is called, and that very soon. Perhaps the fact that the value of real estate is being impaired by the presence of these boards will serve to bring about a reform. The Massachusetts Civic League in its campaign in that State formally charged that the value of real estate had been decreased in certain instances by reason of objectionable bill-boards. If once the property-holders realize that this is likely to be a general result, they will bestir themselves to their own benefit and that of the community.

Moral agencies indict bill-boards because they so frequently are used to advertise lurid and sensational plays, tobacco, and alcoholic beverages. The Woman's Health Protective Association of Brooklyn charge that the former incite to crime and that the latter are active accomplices in the transgression, and have asked the Court to order their expunging, on the ground that the community must protect the morals of the boys and girls, its future citizens. The young People's Temperance Union of Chicago propose to offset the baleful influences of immoral posters by "capturing the bill-boards and reaching the millions outside for Christ and the temperance cause." Arguments for total abstinence and prohibition are to be made on the posters by means of the latest cartoons, printed statistics, and direct appeal. Those behind the movement promise that the general effect will be unique and even startling. "Wipe out the liquor traffic and you will wipe out eighty per cent of all crime" is a sentence appearing on one bill-board. The title is "Personal Liberty," and Liberty is pictured draping back the American flag from a scene showing poverty as the result of saloons. Another poster entitled "The Real Race Suicide" depicts a home scene, while watching above is a vulture representing the saloon. On still another the picture of a hobo will be shown. On the telephone pole against which he is leaning are the words, "Whisky did it, that's all;" and Archbishop Ireland's warning, "The great cause of poverty is drink." More boards will be erected at strategic points in the city as soon as the necessary funds are forthcoming, and soon "the drunkard cannot take his morning constitutional without bumping up against a pictorial appeal to his reason and conscience."

This may be "fighting the devil with his own weapons," but that is always a doubtful policy, because he knows so much better how to use them. Moreover, if the bill-boards are objectionable for the reasons already set forth, their use in a moral crusade will give them a standing and respectability that will be difficult to overcome. The fact that the Public Park Association of Providence resorted to them to create public opinion in favor of a proposed loan for parks, although it used them within bounds, has been frequently cited by bill-posters as an argument in their behalf. If the bill-board is an offense to the æsthetic tastes, an eyesore, and a nuisance in general, it is a secondary matter what its message is. "If," as one commentator puts it, "the apostles of good in the world find that bill-board advertising pays, and that it is worth while to put their truths before the people in that way, they are only confirming other advertisers' opinion of the worth of the bill-board as an advertising medium, and making a bid for the erection of still more of the so-called nuisances."

The most widely urged objection to the bill-board, however, is the one based on æsthetic grounds. As the City Attor-

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ney of San Jose, California (Jackson Hatch), declared in his brief, "A glaring bill-board, advertising, for instance, 'Budweiser Beer,' set opposite a man's house in a vacant lot bordering upon a public highway in a country town devoted to homes, is just as offensive to the immediate residents as would be the maintenance of a pig-sty giving forth offensive odors, or the maintenance of a stone-breaking machine, or a chime of hoarse bells. In principle there is no difference between them. It is only a difference in degree; each is an interference with the peaceable and quiet enjoyment of one's property." As the judge who heard the case sustained Mr. Hatch's contention, although he filed no formal opinion, we may assume that he was of this opinion too. It is a great step forward that one court at least has held that an injury or an offense to the sight may be abated as a nuisance, just as we may a nuisance to the ear or nose.

There was a time when a ride through the country on the railway was an uninterrupted panorama of beauty, an ever-varying scene which was a delight to the eye and a joy to the soul. There was mental and spiritual refreshment. Can the same be said of the ride from Philadelphia to New York on the Pennsylvania Railroad or from New York to Boston on the Shore Line? There are spots which remind us of what was once the rule, but, for the most part, our eyes meet offensive signs—offensive not only in what they give us in the way of unsought advice about personal matters, but offensive because they obscure the landscape and detract our attention from its beauties. To adopt as our own the words of the Earl of Balcarres, one of the leading British opponents of the evil: "What we claim is that the landscape does not belong to the man who chooses to pay a few shillings for it per annum, but is an asset of the people at large. The same principle applies to open spaces and places."

The conviction is growing in this country that scenic and urban beauty are public assets, and must not be impaired to enable some one to sell more ointment or more whisky or more cigars; and I believe business men are beginning to realize that a bill-board is an undesirable medium of publicity. That certainly is the view of the Business Men's Club of Cincinnati, which has entered on an anti-bill-board crusade with great vigor. By printed page and picture, by oral argument and persuasive letter-writing, it is seeking to get advertisers to abandon objectionable forms of advertising. Here is the letter it is sending to every bill-board advertiser in Cincinnati: "We have noted signs bearing your advertisements in our city. The card we inclose is one signed by numerous large advertisers who have displayed enough civic pride to agree to abandon this kind of advertising within our city. Trusting that you will lend your assistance by signing and returning the inclosed card, we are, yours truly, The Committee." With the letter is sent what is known as a roll of honor card, which is in the nature of a pledge to refrain from bill-board advertising. If this method fails to produce results, the next step will undoubtedly be to establish a gentle but effective boycott of goods sold or manufactured by those using the bill-board; but so far the roll of honor seems to be popular, and one hundred and fifty firms have declared their intention to abandon the use of the bill-board. Moreover, it is proposed to retain a man who will devote his whole time to the abatement of the nuisance, and the Committee seeks to interest all the business bodies of the State in its campaign. It has also in mind the formulation of legislation providing for the taxation of boards. It is estimated that a tax of twelve cents a square foot per annum on the three million square feet of bill-boards in the city would yield $360,000. To be sure, if the advertisers should very generally abandon bill-posting, then the returns would be diminished.

Taxation is coming to be regarded as a favorite weapon against the bill-board. To quote the New York Tribune: "We think the abuse could be made to correct itself in a few years if the State would authorize the laying of a graduated tax on street signs, the tax increasing with the square area covered. The Government would either make a considerable revenue out of such a tax or the increased

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cost of posters would compel a change in present methods. To artistic, modest, and sensible advertising there can be no objection. But we owe it to our sense of municipal good order and dignity to blot out the extravagant and tasteless poster spread indiscriminately over fences and walls. We have much to learn from the wise practice of European cities in dealing with the street advertising problem." With the beginning of a new fiscal year, on July 1, in Los Angeles, a new bill-board license ordinance became effective. It will mean for the city an increased revenue of about $10,000 a year, and will have a tendency, it is hoped, to reduce the number of objectionable sign-boards that disfigure some of the more attractive parts of the city. The new ordinance will require the payment in advance of license money for bill-boards.

A proposition is now under consideration to prohibit altogether the bill-board in certain sections. Massachusetts is making an effort to regulate the evil. At the late session a bill was introduced (which is to be reintroduced again and again until it becomes a law) providing that the board of aldermen of a city or the selectmen of a town within which any bill-board is to be erected shall first receive an application for a license, and that the application shall describe the desired location and give the specifications of the proposed board. A license fee is to be charged for the purpose of covering the costs of inspection, etc. The aim of the bill is to put into the hands of public officials the responsibility of locating signs, so that they may not be put by churches, squares, parks, and other places where the people have developed a situation for their own pleasure and not for the private profit of those who would interfere with that pleasure.

The fight has also been inaugurated in Pennsylvania and in New York. In the former State the American Civic Association had prepared and introduced a measure giving local authorities the right to classify, regulate, and tax bill-boards. In that it was a local option measure and placed the burden of regulation on the local authorities, where it properly belongs, this Pennsylvania measure is in most respects a model one. There was introduced into the recent session of the New York Legislature a general bill to tax signs, providing for a yearly tax of twelve cents for each square foot of space on fences, walls, barns, houses, sheds, rocks, bill-boards, or other objects used for advertising purposes during more than five days in the year. The objects of this bill were to provide additional revenue for the State, cities, and towns; to preserve the beauty of streets, highways, and landscapes; and to create among advertisers a tendency to attract attention by the artistic qualities rather than by the mere size of their signs. Exemptions to the general provisions of the bill were made for signs which had an area of less than thirty-two feet, for those composed entirely of lights, and for signs on hotels, apartment-houses, and on buildings used for trade and manufacture when the advertising matter consists of nothing more than a name and a trade-mark. It has been roughly estimated that this bill, if enacted, would bring New York an annual revenue of $800,000, to be divided between the State and local government.

This and all similar measures are based on the French principle that bill-boards should be closely supervised and regulated by the local government and should yield a revenue. Moreover, they recognize that the rights of private property are always subject to the paramount rights of the public.

Thus we see that the bill-board is being attacked on every side, by the public official, by the sanitarian, by the business man, by the legislator, by the lover of civic beauty; but one must not think that objectionable bill-boards and offending bill-posters will gracefully or quietly retire from the field. Their owners have their National organization, which is called by some a trust; they have an active lobby in every State where legislation adverse to their private interests is introduced; they have an active and at times a virulent publicity bureau. They are leaving no stone unturned to protect and advance their interests. The fight is a bitter one and to the finish.

The war on bill-boards should have, and I believe in time will have, the sym-

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pathetic approval and support of every loyal citizen, whether or not he is a lover of civic beauty. This warfare is as much in the interest of material, business prosperity as in the interest of the disfigured landscape. The great public is beginning to appreciate that whatever makes for the beauty of the streets of a great city will also make for a greater harvest in all branches of business activity.

WILSON'S LIFE OF DANA[1]

"SUSPICION was foreign to his nature, and, although he was a man of high passion, strong enthusiasm, and vivid imagination, it would have been difficult to find among his contemporaries one whose habit of thought and philosophy of life were marked by greater sanity or more evenly balanced judgment." In these words General James H. Wilson sums up his verdict on Charles A. Dana, and at the same time emphasizes for even the superficial reader the fact that the view-point of his biography of the great editor is distinctly that of the intimate friend and ardent admirer. The critic's rôle is frankly distasteful to him. He prefers to write of Dana as he personally found him—to lay stress on his qualities and extenuate his defects. The result is a book that cannot be called adequate in its portraiture or final in its opinions. Yet, read with the necessary abatement of eulogy, it is in some respects extremely informing, and throws not a little new light on the life and labors of a man who, viewed from whatever angle, was truly remarkable.

This is particularly applicable to the chapters dealing with Dana's earlier years and his Civil War experiences, when he served as "the eyes of the Government at the front" to spy out among the military leaders the one commander most likely to insure success for the Union cause. Dana, General Wilson recalls, was essentially a self-made man, a man to whom life had been a battle from the start. Born in 1819, of old New England stock, his father's poverty turned him breadwinner at the age of twelve. He began by tending counter in a store kept by an uncle at Buffalo, and here he remained for seven years, or until the panic of 1837 swept his uncle out of business. Meantime the ambition to get an education and lead a professional life had seized upon young Dana, who had long been devoting his leisure hours to the improvement of his mind. Poor as the proverbial church mouse, but rich in the determination that was characteristic of his entire after career, he entered Harvard, and had the satisfaction, at the close of his first term, of ranking seventh in a class of seventy-four. Then poverty, reinforced shortly by eyestrain, obtained the upper hand, compelling him to give over the idea of completing his college course.

Come what might, he was resolved, however, to obtain an education. And presently, with the inception of the Brook Farm enterprise, a new and broad vista opened for him. While at Harvard, as is shown by the letters General Wilson prints, he had inspired freely the "supersublimated transcendentalism" of the period, and was fully in sympathy with the ideals of Ripley and his associates in their quixotic attempt "to combine co-operative labor with democratic living and intellectual improvement." But it would also seem, according to General Wilson, that the idea of becoming a member of the optimistic little colony in West Roxbury appealed to Dana from the business standpoint. It offered him the means of making a living, and also of gaining the knowledge and culture he was so desperately determined to have. In any event, late in 1841, he threw in his lot with the Brook Farmers, and for five years led a life to which he always looked back with the keenest satisfaction. Financially it left him as poor as ever, but in almost every other way it was of great helpfulness to him. It dispelled many illusions, it matured and informed his thought, it developed him physically,

[1] The Life of Charles A. Dana. By James Harrison Wilson. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3, net.

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and—"its greatest benefit and blessing," to quote General Wilson's gallant phrase—it brought him his wife.

Indirectly, also, it determined his future vocation. "Dana's tastes and inclinations," General Wilson points out, "during his connection with Brook Farm, naturally led him to write for such journals as would pay him for his contributions." The more he wrote the stronger grew his inclination for writing, and when the crash came and Brook Farm merged with the shadows of other vanished utopias, his first thought was to turn to journalism as a means of supporting himself and his young wife. From the Boston Daily Chronotype came the princely offer of a post at four dollars a week, which he was glad to accept until, through the kindness of Horace Greeley, who had met him in Brook Farm days, he was appointed city editor of the New York Tribune at a salary, it is interesting to note, only six dollars per week in excess of that originally paid him by the Boston publication. Now began the historic association which, long before its abrupt ending in 1862, made the names of Greeley, Dana, and the New York Tribune known from end to end of the land. Dana's first piece of sustained work, the letters he wrote from Paris and Berlin during the stirring events of 1848–49, proved him, as General Wilson says, a consummate reporter. And when, after his return to the United States, he was promoted to be managing editor of the Tribune, it at once became evident that a new, virile, and intensely American force was expressing itself through the columns of that paper. Dana, in a word, had found himself.

Undoubtedly, in his detailed account of his friend's work on the Tribune throughout the exciting years that witnessed the birth of the Republican party and the gradual approach of the crisis over slavery, General Wilson is inclined to exalt Dana at Greeley's expense. But he is as certainly right in his statement of the causes of the breach which ultimately developed between the two men, and deprived the Tribune of Dana's services. "Dana was too aggressive, too positive, too self-confident, and too active, to travel longer in harmony with Greeley. Their divergent natures, not less than their divergent opinions about the war, had brought them to the parting of the ways. . . . Greeley stood for the abstract and even for the fanciful, while Dana stood for those practical and aggressive measures upon which the Nation must necessarily depend for the suppression of the rebellion and the re-establishment of the Union." March 28, 1862, after Greeley had threatened that he would leave the Tribune if Dana did not, the latter's resignation was accepted. Less than three months afterwards he was in the pay of the War Department, and was laboring in person, fully as earnestly as he had labored with his pen, to promote the success of the North.

It was at this stage of his career that General Wilson met him, under circumstances not calculated to create the lasting friendship of which the present volume is the conspicuous proof. General Wilson was then on Grant's staff, and, with others of Grant's *entourage*, learned that dissatisfaction was felt in Washington, and that Dana was coming out to report on the desirability of Grant's retention in, or removal from, command. As he tells the story, General Wilson at once consulted Grant's chief of staff, John A. Rawlins—whose helpfulness to Grant, by the way, is here shown to have been far greater than has hitherto been suspected—and it was decided that the only possible procedure was to be entirely frank with Dana. "We felt that it would be better for all concerned that he should be received in this manner than left in doubt, suspicion, and concealment, to learn what would doubtless be poured into his ears by Grant's enemies. We sincerely believed that Grant, whatever might be his faults and weaknesses, was a far safer man to command the army than any other general in it, or than any that might be sent to it from another field." This view of the case was also taken by Dana after he had reached the ground and made a painstaking analysis of men and measures; and, in his enthusiasm, General Wilson does not hesitate to describe Dana—inferentially, at any rate—as the maker of Grant's career. It is his belief, too, borne out by numerous quotations from Dana's writings,

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that the latter never altered the high opinion he formed of Grant's military abilities, as evidenced in the successive campaigns which General Wilson discusses in chapters that are among the most effective of his book.

Certainly, however, as in Greeley's case, time brought estrangement between Dana and Grant, and something more than estrangement. Everybody knows how Dana re-entered journalism after the Civil War, first through the medium of the short-lived Chicago Republican, and then as editor of the New York Sun, of which he remained in supreme control to the day of his death thirty years later, and with which he scored a speedy, phenomenal, and lasting success. His first editorial utterance committed the Sun to the support of Grant's candidature for the Presidency, and thereafter he labored diligently to promote his friend's election. But scarcely had Grant entered upon his duties as Chief Executive when Dana turned savagely against him, and began in the Sun the campaign of criticism and personal abuse that continued, with few abatements, as long as Grant remained in office.

It was charged, and widely believed, that this sensational turnabout was due to Dana's disappointment at not being appointed Collector at New York; but General Wilson seems to refute this charge successfully. He is less satisfactory in his detailed attempts to explain away all the vagaries of Dana's editorial policy, particularly his support of Butler for President; and he apparently fails to appreciate the justice of much of the censure passed on Dana from time to time even by those who had known him from early life and wished him well. Instead, all the emphasis is on the undeniably commendable qualities that contributed so powerfully to make the Sun the most widely read and talked of newspaper in the country. And here, again, weakness is seen in the absence of any definite information regarding Dana's singular gift for winning the confidence and rousing the enthusiasm of his subordinates, and the methods he employed to stimulate them in their daily task of making the Sun shine brilliantly.

Coming to the final chapters, though, in which General Wilson acquaints his readers with Dana's home life, and the pleasures and recreations of his closing years, the biography grows anew in interest and value. "There were few men of his time not wholly devoted to the higher branches of study who better deserved to be called scholarly than Dana. . . . Dana's appreciation of the higher phases of art in other directions than literature was peculiarly quick and sure. Music at his home, of which there was much for many years, was mainly classical, but this did not exclude a liberal and appreciative sympathy for what was beautiful in other schools. . . . For the artistic expression of imagination as found in painting, Dana had the most intense admiration. . . . But the form of art to which Dana gave the greatest attention was Chinese porcelain. . . . His collection gradually developed into one of great brilliancy and interest. . . . It contained several of the most noted specimens of peachblow, a large number of *sang-de-bœuf* and other rare and beautiful monochromes, and a bewildering assortment of decorated pieces of every shade and combination. . . . The owner loved to play with these beautiful things, to rearrange them, to make new combinations and color schemes, and to discover new beauties and unsuspected harmonies, as a happy child loves to play with flowers." One's mind unconsciously harks back to the opening years of Dana's career, to the counter-tending, Harvard University, Brook Farm years of desperate endeavor and brave enthusiasm; and, reading on through many another pleasant passage, the feeling grows that in Dana's case, bitter as the struggle had been, and fierce as were the controversies in which he plunged, the early ideals had not all been crushed; and that, in old age as in youth, he contrived to keep alive those inner, deeper interests that make for strength and happiness, whatever the measure of worldly success.

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Comment on Current Books

Poor Ireland

Mr. Locker Lampson is not an Irishman and is not a Home Ruler, but his purpose seems none the less to "gibbet the incompetence of Irish rulers for five centuries." The book's[1] province covers particularly the nineteenth century. In his review of that century's legislation the author acknowledges the good done by the Land Acts passed for Ireland during the past twenty years. At the same time, he rightly appeals for an organized system of drainage, irrigation, and forestation. He believes in the justice of a Redistribution Bill. On a strictly popular basis, Ireland is over-represented in the Imperial Parliament. Seventy members instead of one hundred and three would give her on this basis her full share of political power. This critic would even have a Parliamentary Committee, sitting at Westminster, composed of representatives of Irish constituencies, for the purpose of discussing purely Irish business. As to the vexed question of taxation, we are not surprised to find Mr. Locker Lampson recommending a new system. According to the present plan, Ireland's quota is one-twelfth of the whole, while her resources are not more than one-twentieth those of England and Scotland. Moreover, following Sir Robert Giffen's notion, if taxation ought to be imposed on the surplus remaining over and above the cost of the necessaries of life for a community as a whole, then Irish taxation ought to be about one-thirty-sixth that of Great Britain. Finally, as with Lord Dunraven in his recent book, the author does not fail to point out that Ireland's population is diminishing while England's is increasing.

New Light on the Balkan Question

An anonymous book is generally unsatisfactory to those who think that they cannot correctly name the author. The present volume[2] is no exception to that rule. Its author has had unusual access to the crowned heads and their prime ministers, and he gives us at times such detailed information as to make the practice of guessing his identity rather interesting. As soon, however, as one may have decided upon some name, the author himself casts a doubt by an almost amusing insistence upon his own importance. Indeed, we are told in every chapter about the familiar chats with King This and Prince That, and are given to understand that the various rulers of south-eastern Europe were on decidedly cordial if not intimate terms with the author. Though this iteration becomes somewhat tiresome, one always has recompense in the original information presented. The book is specially valuable in the light it throws upon Servia. From no other source with which we are familiar may such illumination be derived. The author's political bias is stated frankly and continually. He believes that the German Emperor is at the bottom of all the Balkan unrest and has been fomenting it in order to further his own ambitions.

Battles of the Law

Mr. Hill is not only a well-read lawyer, but also a writer who knows how to make his narrative clear, direct, and often in a high degree dramatic. The central idea that led to the gathering of these stories of great political prosecutions or suits has been the fact that such contests in the courts have, to quote Mr. Hill, "not unfrequently foreshadowed National crises in the United States, and sometimes even determined them." Beginning with the trial of Callender for seditious libel against President Adams, the author takes up successively the more famous cases of Aaron Burr, John Brown, and Dred Scott; includes the impeachment of Johnson, the arbitration in the Alabama case, the Hayes-Tilden electoral contest; and closes with the prosecution of the Chicago Anarchists. Like the author's "Lincoln the Lawyer", and like Mr. Wellman's "The Art of Cross-Examination" and Arthur Train's "Prisoner at the Bar," Mr. Hill's "Decisive Battles of the Law"[1] very cleverly extricates that which is human and thrilling from the dry technicalities of the law, and tells these really exciting stories with freedom of style and intensity of method. The several papers which compose the book have been widely read as they have appeared separately in periodical form; and now, collected in this volume, they are well worthy of preservation in the library.

The Queen of Letter Writers

Hitherto the best available popular books about Madame de Sévigné have been the volume by Anne Thackeray Ritchie and that by M. Masson. Both of these books are made up chiefly of selections from the famous letters, but both are very intelligently edited. Far superior to either, however, as

[1] A Consideration of the State of Ireland in the Nineteenth Century. By G. Locker Lampson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5, net.

[2] The Near East. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $3, net.

[1] Decisive Battles of the Law. By Frederick Trevor Hill. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.25, net.

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a picture of French society and life in the days of Madame de Sévigné—a period described by Sainte-Beuve as "the most delightful period of the most agreeable French society"—is the newly published volume [1] by Janet Aldis. The author has been wonderfully successful in throwing into relief and rendering attractive to readers of our own day just those things which made up the social and literary associations which surrounded Madame de Sévigné and her friends. The story, as told here, is lively and even brilliant, and the quotations from the letters are sufficiently full to convey their charm without boring the modern reader with excessive detail.

The Romance of the Salvation Army

Fifty years ago a description of what the lone evangelist, then with no resource but his faith in God as the root of a heroic purpose, has by this time accomplished would have seemed romantic prophecy; now it is the romance of history. The Salvation Army has made all churches its debtor, not only by supplying the crucial test of Christianity—the demonstration of its power to reclaim the apparently irreclaimable—but also, as Bishop Lightfoot said, by recalling "the lost ideal of the work of the Church." These sketches [2] exhibit the Army at work in Great Britain, and "on the march" through the world. Its rescue work, training of officers, "self-denial week," and farm colony are described with affecting illustrative experiences. The future of the Army seems secure, though its great General must pass away. Religious enthusiasm for a divine end, coupled with a sagacious, practical use of means, is the lesson of its career to the churches.

Erasmus Against War

The second volume [3] in the Humanists' Library, edited by Lewis Einstein, is one of the most characteristic pieces of writing of one of the most interesting of modern men. Erasmus, living in the period of the Renaissance, by his freedom of thought, journalistic instinct, frankness of speech and quick sense of the news value of events—what would now be called the timely interest—is much more a man of the twentieth century than some of our contemporaries. His letters, edited by Mr. Froude a few years ago, contain some of the most interesting writing to be found in any correspondence in any period. His well-known protest against war is now reprinted in a very satisfactory and beautiful form, with an extended introduction by Mr. J. W. Mackail.

[1] The Queen of Letter Writers: Marquise de Sévigné, Dame de Bourbilly, 1626-1696. By Janet Aldis. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
[2] The Romance of the Salvation Army. By Hulda Friederichs. Cassell & Co., New York.
[3] Erasmus Against War. (The Humanists' Library. Edited by Lewis Einstein.) The Merrymount Press, Boston.

The Eighteenth Century in England

Mr. Davies has had an original idea in picturing the oddities and characteristic features of English society in the eighteenth century through reproduction of paintings by Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Copley, Zoffany, Rolandson, and many other famous artists. Some of these pictures are very queer indeed from a modern point of view; notably so Boitard's "Taste à la Mode, 1745," and Haughton's "Author Reading from a Manuscript to Four Ladies." Mr. Davies calls the time of Queen Anne and King George I. the Augustan Age, and goes far to prove his contention by showing in his readable text accompanying the pictures that fashion, art, and society certainly flourished in a most brilliant way in that period. His book [1] is something of a curiosity in literature, and is worth having, not only because of the pictures, which are beautifully reproduced, but because the chapters in which the phases of the day are described have been written with knowledge and sympathy.

Jules Verne's Famous Story

When M. Verne wrote "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," the extraordinary ingenuity of the tale was highly appreciated, but the readers no more supposed that what his lively imagination described would become fact than readers to-day expect to see verified some of the ingenious flights of fanciful fiction about airships. But, in point of fact, the frontispiece of this very handsome edition [2] of Verne's story might very well serve as an exact picture of the top of a modern submarine vessel, and some of the constructive ideas worked out for entertainment by Verne have been put in actual operation in our submarine. The story has always been popular with boys, and now it is given an exceedingly attractive form, evidently with a view to holiday trade.

The Parables of the Kingdom

Dr. Morgan's persuasiveness as an inspirational preacher is not, at least in this volume, [3] attained in the field of Biblical interpretation. The parables in the thirteenth chapter of Matthew yield to him other lessons than to most interpreters. New points to old texts are always welcome, but they

[1] English Society of the Eighteenth Century in Contemporary Art. By Randall Davies, F.S.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2, net.
[2] Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea. By Jules Verne. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.
[3] The Parables of the Kingdom. By G. Campbell Morgan, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1, net.

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must abide scrutiny better than in the present case; *e.g.*, the Parable of the Leaven is not regarded as symbolizing the gradual transformation of the world by what Professor Hitchcock called "the catalytic power of the Gospel," but rather the corruption of the Church by complicity with evil. But against the contention that "leaven" is always in the Bible symbolic of evil, Leviticus xxiii. 17 is decisive. Dr. Morgan's exegesis seems affected by conceptions of a miraculous second advent of Christ as the only stop to the world's wickedness. He would have missionaries and evangelists do their duty, but his "hope is in these flaming seraphs" and in angels' "direct intervention in human affairs." With such an expectation the pessimistic meaning attached to this parable, and to that of the mustard seed, naturally coheres.

Letters to The Outlook

PORTO RICO'S NEED—OUR DUTY

Porto Rico sorely needs a large addition to her primary schools and primary school teachers; she needs these teachers from among her own young men and women, who should be equipped with a knowledge of practical agriculture and mechanic arts. The two branches of the University of Porto Rico at Rio Piedras—the Normal School and the Agricultural School—should be enlarged and equipped with additional buildings, professorships, apparatus, and scholarships to enable that institution to do the class of work that the Hampton and the Tuskegee schools are doing in our own South.

Universal education alone can set our island wards upon the road which they all aspire to tread—namely, that which leads to American citizenship. Agricultural and industrial instruction must be included in their school programme, if the Porto Rican schools are to turn out the most useful citizens.

The island was abjectly poor when American civil government was established by the Foraker Act in 1900. On August 1 of that year, when the silver money of the island was changed to American gold, $2,500,000 was all the circulation that our island colony possessed. This was only $2.50 per capita. At the same time their coffee plantations and many of their homes had been wasted by the awful cyclone of the previous year.

The situation is now immensely improved. Hundreds of miles of stone highways have been built, and as much as twenty-five per cent of the total insular income has been annually devoted to the establishment and support of popular education. Nevertheless, in spite of all that has been done, and all that can be done, under the present state of the island's resources, the facilities for popular education are totally inadequate to the necessities of the case.

The United States as a nation is morally bound to educate and Americanize the children of this little country which it deliberately tore from the Spanish dominion and placed under its own. Not to give Porto Rico universal education is to fail to provide for that people the sure and only means of ascent from their present position of subjection to an honorable place within our political fold. To provide promptly and amply this means is to glorify our possession of Porto Rico; not to do it is to soil the flag under which the American army, in the name of Liberty, took forcible possession of the island.

The actual educational problem in Porto Rico to-day is—how to provide instruction for 250,000 pupils when the teachers and the buildings are insufficient for the 60,000 who are now enrolled. Porto Rican children are apt students and are ambitious to learn. There is no means of Americanizing the island so sure as to give its boys and girls the use of the English language and a modern industrial training.

The Normal Department of the University of Porto Rico needs dormitory buildings for both sexes. A greatly increased number of scholarships should be established to enable poor students to prepare for the work of teaching. Workshops and laboratories are also needed so that mechanic arts, domestic arts, and elementary agriculture may be introduced into the Normal course.

In the opinion of the writer, these changes are needed to combat the contempt for manual labor which is almost universal in Porto Rico, as in other Latin-American countries.

The Agricultural Department of the institution, organized to train farm superintendents, should be developed and its work diversified. The means should be provided for courses in horticulture, dairy husbandry, poultry-rearing, bee-keeping, farm carpentry, forging, and other lines of agricultural mechanics. In this way only can the grad-

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uates of the school acquire the experience in handling machinery which characterizes the American farmer and which is lacking in the farm laborer of Porto Rico.

Here are needs so wide and so urgent that they should find a quick and hearty response from three distinct sources. The Legislature of Porto Rico, at its next session to be held early in January, should greatly increase its annual appropriation for the University. Congress should at once extend the benefit of the Morrell Act to Porto Rico, when by the charter of the University it would receive the sums provided by the above-named law to support education in agriculture and the mechanic arts. But this is not enough. The Morrell Act does not provide to any considerable degree for the erection of college buildings. This need should be met by individual Americans, for citizens alone, through their sacrifices and their bounty, are able to fulfill a duty like this, although it rests upon the whole Nation.

Dr. Dexter, Commissioner of Education, is the Chancellor of the University of Porto Rico and the legally constituted head of this worthy institution. F. M. PENNOCK.

New York City.

THE JACOB A. RIIS NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE

Time that runs its ceaseless round has brought changes to us in Henry Street since last I talked with the Outlook readers, but they are all for good. One thing has not changed, and never will. "For all God's children" is still our motto; whether of the old dispensation or of the new, they are still his children, and our house is theirs. To win back some whom the growing year had weaned away from us—the fight for the boy grows harder always as he grows better able to do for himself, and with it grows the need of holding him—we organized a summer camp out on Long Island, not so far from the President's summer home but that the boys could dip their flag, now and then, to his boat as it passed, and receive its return salute. Yet they never thought of intruding upon his rest; they were glad to know he was near; glad, too, of the freedom of the woods, and of their solitude, once they got used to it. Some didn't; half a dozen we had to send back to the street with its noise, its crowd, its processions, and its utter emptiness with it all. They were homesick for it; it had grown to be their world. The rest stayed, and after a while got over their fright at the sudden appearance of a school of porpoises in the water they had been swimming in. They are not yet to be persuaded that the Long Island woods are not "thick with wolves." For a while, after one of them had come unawares upon a calf in the gloaming, they hugged the fire close after the shadows fell, and the most timid fancied that great shining eyes were staring at them out of the gloom. I know those eyes right well, and can allow for them. They used to watch me from the top of the dark stairs when I wasn't allowed a candle to go to bed with, in the long ago.

The result of that venture was good. The boys are with us. If we did run short of funds for the camp, the money was well spent. The country neighbors were astonished and pleased because our boys did not act like young Indians and destroy property. If we helped them, too, to a better appreciation of the Other Half, that is what we are there for. On Twin Island all ran smoothly as a summer day with the mothers and children on week days, and fathers and the big brothers, too big for the camp, calling on Sundays. At home in Henry Street the roof garden, which a good woman, whose home is in Chicago but whose heart is in loving deeds everywhere, fitted up on top of our gymnasium, was the bright spot in the big, crowded block. "The King's Garden," as the children called our back yard before we built the gym, has come back to us, and we are glad. A Long Island florist has just given us three hundred bulbs that will make the roof garden look like fairyland early in spring. And as we widen the physical horizon of our children and our mothers, we try also to broaden them mentally and morally. We shall have a wise and kindly Rabbi come and talk to our young, the same who, out on the Pacific coast two years ago, helped me make a merry Christmas for a poor Danish woman who lay helpless in the city hospital; who lighted her Christmas tree and brought her husband and children in, a hundred miles, to be with her. He will come, and so will clergymen and priests of his kind, to help instill, not sect or dogma, but manhood and citizenship and the truest Americanism.

We face the winter with a deficit of a thousand dollars, but with undimmed hope and trust. It is not going to be an easy winter, for rents go higher and ever higher in the tenements, and it is dearer to live, as we all know. But we have no fear. "For all God's children." He will not let them want. We ask their brothers and sisters who have helped heretofore, In His Name to give as they can. And so a glad Thanksgiving and a merry Christmas to all, and God bless us, every one!

JACOB A. RIIS,
48–50 Henry Street, New York.

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TIPS AND TIPPING

Your editorial on "The Reclamation of the Tip" begins, "The demoralizing tip," and ends, "has evidently come to stay." Why should this un-American habit be recognized and legalized by the United States Government? It is only one form of graft, ministering to the "get rich quick" spirit. There is now, all over our country, a healthful bracing against political graft which will be more difficult to control with this encouragement. It is a custom despised equally by those who give and those who receive.

During a trip to Florida last winter, special study and observation were given by the writer to this question, and many interviews were held with both managers and employees of the large east coast hotels. The former feel that they cannot raise the scale of wages, and invariably the latter stated their preference for a definite living wage, and for abolishing the tipping system. One bright captain of bell-boys, who is porter on a day coach during the rest of the year, said that 1,200 porters had petitioned their railways to raise their pay to $40 a month instead of $30, and do away with tips entirely, but with no result. This young colored man had a wife, child, and home in Boston, but every other night he had to sleep and eat in New York, practically paying for two homes, which he could not afford, and added that unless one was porter on a sleeper there was little money in it. "It is very embarrassing," he said, "for a porter to take his whisk-broom and go down the car and have folks say, 'Oh, let the germs rest!'"

A leading Adirondack club has made strenuous efforts to abolish the tip system, printing on the reverse of all contracts with employees a statement analyzing the psychology of the tip and giving the same printed form to all members and guests. A few honestly try to co-operate with the management in controlling the evil, but the majority ignore the request, and help are demoralized before the season ends. At a summer school where expenses of speakers were paid by the management, one lecturer signalized her departure by lavish gifts to employees, but her bill of expenses included the item, "Tips to servants, $20." A Vassar student who took a position as waitress to help out her college expenses was seen to draw herself up with dignity and decline a fee offered by an immaculate young man on his departure. Is there any more humiliating position for two well-intentioned persons? The dignity of labor is destroyed, and one fears to render an altruistic service lest it be considered a "bid for a bribe."

If, instead of legalizing this foreign custom, it were boldly declared that no official or employee of the United States Government may either give or receive a tip, others would have courage to rally to the rescue, and public sentiment would gradually seal its doom.

A. D.

A BATTLE ROYAL

It was with great interest that I read in The Outlook of September 14 an article entitled "A Battle of Ants." The writer says in his closing remarks: "Never before had I witnessed a battle of this kind, and I wonder if they occur often." I would answer, Yes, they do occur often, for ants are very human in many of their characteristics, and especially so in the settlement of their disputes. I have not yet discovered that they arbitrate matters, but can state emphatically that they do fight to the death in settling disagreements. Ants of different colonies are often at war, and when prisoners are being taken for enslavement many a battle royal is heroically fought. Such a struggle for freedom I witnessed recently while taking a stroll through the beautiful woods of our historic Camp McClellan.

In wandering about I chanced to discover a small bare spot of ground beneath and close to the base of a majestic oak. My interest was aroused not only by the bareness of the ground but by its being packed almost to the hardness of stone, looking as if many thousands of fairy feet might have danced thereon since time began. Drawing near, I was not long in discovering the cause of the bareness and hardness of this little spot of earth, for it was in reality a battlefield, and had been such, perchance, for many seasons. Here hosts of tiny creatures of the ant tribes had undoubtedly fought and bled and died in the cause of freedom, and here this very moment was being waged a stout warfare between a veritable black Goliath and three pygmy red ants. Goliath was evidently foreign to his surroundings, and his three assailants, much against his will, were dragging him into the arena where the question of captivity or freedom was no doubt to be settled very soon for him.

Feeling great interest in the outcome of the conflict, I sat down to watch the fight to a finish, forgetting for the time being the glorious autumn sunshine and the enchanting purplish haze that hung so dreamily about the mysteries of the hills beyond. So deeply concerned was I in the result of the battle which was now fairly on that I held my breath and forgot to exclaim over the richly colored leaves that were falling about me. No deafening roar of cannon was there to make the hills reverberate; no wondrous

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charge of cavalry, no clouds of smoke to obscure the evolutions of the combatants. For an onlooker the situation was all that could be desired.

By this time Goliath had been dragged by his three adversaries to a clod in the center of the field; this clod seemed to form a vantage-ground for him, and though so seriously handicapped (two pygmies having him by his right and left hands—or feet, as you may choose to call them—while the third drew him along by the nose, or pincers), still, in spite of all this, he had strength to pull himself, thus hampered, up to the top of the clod, where he fought the fight that knows no end except liberty or death. As I watched his heroic strokes I could well fancy he had been nurtured upon the sayings of the famous Virginia statesman who exclaimed, "Give me liberty or give me death!" The attacking force was drawn up and down, up and down, backward and forward, then rolled over and over upon that clod; if they had possessed bones I think there must not have been a whole one left in their small bodies. As it was, I believe they were a mass of bruised ant-flesh and dislocated joints, yet their grasp on their prisoner was firm and unyielding.

There were many tiny observers of this desperate conflict, but no sympathy was expressed for Goliath, no hand raised in his behalf. All the onlookers belonged to the pygmy colony, and watched the proceedings from a point of vantage in the bark of the tree which appeared to be their home. At times a relief corps would rush down and across the field to render assistance to the slave-catchers, but, when almost near enough to give the desired help, they would show the white feather and scamper back to a place of safety.

So the pulling and rolling over and over and up and down the clod went on undisturbed, until the nose-pincher was laid low by a blow which I am sure broke his spine about the region of the fourth cervical, which, causing paralysis, at once loosened his hold upon Goliath's nose, giving him a good breath and the free use of his pincers, with which he soon snapped off his enemy's head and began a strenuous effort to free his right hand and arm. Again and again, in a vain effort to reach his right-hand adversary, did he twist himself about at the imminent risk of snapping his own vertebræ. But his efforts were futile. The remaining pygmies were more determined than ever to take him alive to their camp. Finally Goliath twisted just the right sort of a double back-action twist, which brought his somewhat dulled and weakened pincers down upon the neck of the assailant who clung to his right hand. Here he chewed and sawed and chewed again until his enfeebled efforts were rewarded with victory—the head of number two rolled upon the ground, leaving a vacancy in the army of that band of ants which I am sure they found hard to fill.

As the head of number two was being severed with such dulled instruments, the pitiful story of Mary Queen of Scots rushed into my mind, causing my heart to throb anew with sympathetic love for her who, long years ago, because of jealous hatred, had to die thus miserably.

Now the conflict was even in numbers, but Goliath was full thrice as big as the one brave little fellow, who knew his doom was sealed. Help there was none, though plenty of awe-struck ants stood immovable within the protecting convolutions of the tree bark. There was not one among them who, Aulis-like, could or would rush into the arena, take the bull by the horns, and thus change the result of the fray. Perish he must and did, a victim to his own rash and unjust system of slavery.

When the death struggle of the last of his would-be captors was over, Goliath attempted to free himself of its carcass, but could not, as the small jaws had closed about his left hand with the grip of death, and there was no way for it but to sever the body from the head. This he did with great effort, being so nearly exhausted and his pincers dulled with much use. He then worked and rested in turns, attempting to gnaw loose the head of his adversary, but, failing, limped off of the hard-fought field with the gruesome head clinging to his hand, much as the victorious Indian brave returns to his camp with the scalps of his assailants swung to his side.

This little battlefield, so small as to be scarcely noticeable, yet so prominent to the insect life gathered there to settle their disputes in conflicts so tragic, is situated beneath one of the grand old oaks that stand upon a charming eminence opposite Rock Island Arsenal, and overlooking the old camp barracks where, forty-odd years ago, human warriors gathered and were drilled for a few days, then marched away to the sounds of martial music—away to the sunny South, where, brother against brother, they fought, as did these ants, to settle for our Nation the great question, "Shall it be slavery or freedom?" When the brave soldiers who lived to see the glorious end of that conflict limped away, like this small Goliath, from their hard-won fields of battle, they too proclaimed to all the anxious waiting world the one glad word "Liberty!"

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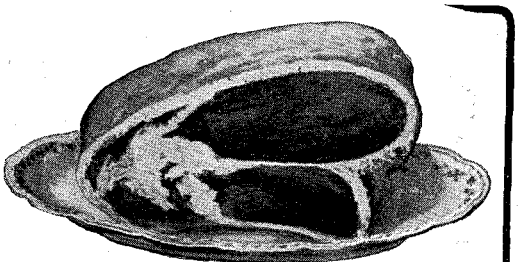

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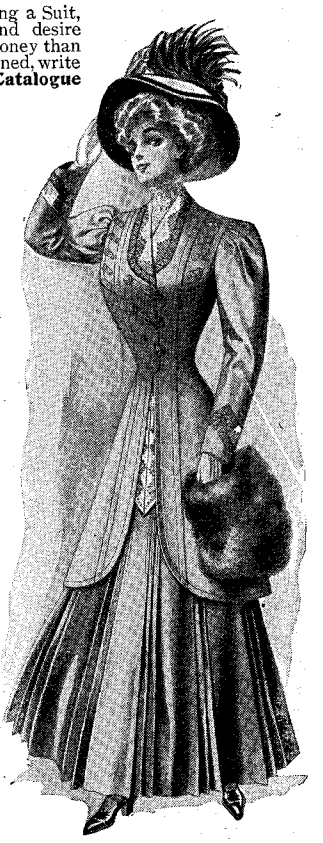

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For full information write **THE WAYNE AUTO CO., DETROIT, MICH.**

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